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From a Painting by

MRS. GRAHAM-WIGAN.

By EDWARD HUGHES.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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SEASIDE LIBRARIES

FOR some time past a correspondence has been going on in the pages of one of our contemporaries on this subject, and, for once in a way, it is really a question of importance. At any rate, we should say that if people ever do read anything when they go to the seaside, they ought to have done so during the wet days of the present season. There are two questions that arise, first, the nature of a private bookshelf, supposing one took one's own books to the country, and, secondly, the books that ought to be in a subscription or other library at the seaside. These correspond to two different kinds of reading. One may be described as classical, and consists chiefly in looking up old favourites. There are certain books which one reads at intervals throughout a whole lifetime. Was it not Dean Stanley who made it a point to read Sir Walter Scott quite through once in every twelve months?—"a formidable task," some of our young readers may exclaim. They have been brought up on "Dolly Dialogues" and what may be called the motor-car species of book, and, therefore, do not relish Scott as much as their fathers and grandfathers did. Sir Walter, as a matter of fact, writes about a state of things that passed away before they were born, and the same common-sense which distinguishes all his work is not appreciated by those who have been brought up on the sensationalism and general inferiority of the most popular writers of the present day. Those who really love Scott could not possibly do better than take a selection of his books to the seaside, for even the less successful of them are good to read in. There are few really literary people, for instance, who cannot browse at almost any time in "Peveril of the Peak," and James Payn, if we recollect rightly, once asked a number of writing people to set down the name, irrespective of conventional judgment, of the novel of Scott they were fondest of reading, and three out of four nominated "St. Ronan's Well." Probably few of us, if put in the 'ness-box and compelled to speak as though in a palace of

truth, would pin our faith to the acknowledged masterpieces, and that shows the fatuity of giving lists of books for other people to read. Literary is just like physical food: that is best for the individual which is most naturally and easily digested. Critics may to the end of time go on proving defects or pointing out beauties, but their remarks are of no avail unless they appeal specially to the individual. Thus the formation even of a parcel of books is a matter wholly for individual taste.

The subscription library at the seaside is, in many cases, a delusion and a snare. It is mostly made up of novels, and these novels are all a little aged, for the life of a romance at the present time is, in average cases, a very short one, and runs to not more than four or five years, even in the case of very popular books. One day a book is selling by the thousand, and another day it is thrown into the oven, or, to speak without metaphor, it is relegated to the second-hand department or the remnants, or some other equally inglorious position. We speak, be it noted, of books that are accounted successful. Those tomes that the presses send forth by the hundred every month are dead before they are born, and the wonder to the observer is how they ever got published at all. Someone must eventually pay, but whether it is the author or the publisher or the bookseller is known to one or other of these alone. All that we are certain of is that it is extremely aggravating on a wet day at the seaside to go into a library and find the bill of fare to consist exclusively of these unreadable volumes. Yet the large libraries in London that supply the smaller places at the seaside are under constant temptation to send this class of book down to their customers. It is not in demand by the town reader, and therefore is convenient to palm off upon the seaside library, which, for at least nine months in the year, has little or no demand upon its resources. On going to one of these libraries, therefore, what one is pretty sure of getting is a choice of novels that rank about fourth or fifth rate, and also the opportunity of re-reading those which have had their vogue and now are flat, stale, and unprofitable.

It is difficult to suggest a remedy, because the demand can never be constant. If by any chance a spell of really fine summer weather were to occur, then the love for reading would go by the board at once, for to the majority of healthy Englishmen and Englishwomen and girls it still appears to be a most eccentric thing for anyone to read books when the sun is shining and open-air pursuits are practicable; but there are a minority who, even in the finest weather, love to carry a book in their hand, or to lie on a pleasant part of the beach with it in their hand. Such works as they favour, it may be presumed, are not too sensational in their scenes, or too energetic in their movements, but belong to that serene order of literature that Tennyson had in his mind when he said he loved the "large and still" old books. Indeed, anyone who has not read them before might do a great deal worse than carry to the seaside such books as "Clarissa Harlowe," or even "Sir Charles Grandison," while if anybody is in the fortunate position of still having Fielding to read, nothing could possibly be better for the seaside, provided they are of the nature to assimilate the strong meat he offers. Poetry is always good for the seaside, because poetry, being the quintessence of thought and feeling, should always be taken in little bits at a time, and a little bit is as much as anyone requires on a holiday. At the same time, those who are inclined to sneer at reading ought to be reminded that health of body is in some measure dependent on activity of mind. If the intellectual side of anyone is allowed to grow torpid, the body suffers in an equal degree. Again, conversation is apt to grow thin if left to support itself alone. The stimulation of reading, much more than the actual information imparted, will often have the most salutary effect in brightening the conversational powers of a man or woman. Were we asked to name the best poets for the purpose it would again be very difficult, because this, too, is a matter of individual taste. To one, Tennyson gives all that is required, another finds it in Shelley, a third in Wordsworth, and so on. A great deal of prose will serve the same purpose as poetry. The serious mind of George Eliot, for instance, found what most people get out of poetry in the "Imitation of Christ," and there is undoubtedly a class of mind to whom the meditations in the style of St. Augustine or Marcus Aurelius give a comfort and consolation to be derived from no other source. Most of these books, too, can be procured in dainty editions easily carried in the pockets, and that is no small advantage when the reading has to be done in the open air.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE illustration on our first page this week is reproduced from a painting by Mr. Edward Hughes of Mrs. Graham-Wigan, the daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Graham-Lacon, and a descendant of Graham of Claverhouse. In 1896 she married Mr. John Alfred Wigan, and their country seats are Oakwood, Maidstone, Kent, and Duntrune, Dundee, Scotland.



SOMETHING almost like consternation was felt throughout the country when it was announced that Lord Salisbury had been taken seriously ill, and at one time very great apprehension was felt as to the issue. Fortunately, however, later reports have been of a favourable kind, and as we write there is every reason to trust that the distinguished statesman will, ere long, be in his usual health. It would be a misfortune for Great Britain if anything else were to happen just now. Although Lord Salisbury has retired from active service, his advice in the critical stage through which this country is about to pass cannot but be of the greatest service to his nephew, the Prime Minister, and we trust that he will be spared for many a year yet to give the country the benefit of his sagacious counsel.

There is no precept of the Founder of Christianity that has been more openly neglected than that command to his Apostles, "Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money," but the wills of the two Roman Catholic cardinals who died recently afford positive proof that there is one Church at least in which this precept is attended to. The Roman Catholics have always seen the wisdom of encouraging poverty among their priests, and if their rules have often been broken, that has only proved the frailty of the individual, not any weakness in the Church itself. With the ordinary man money has been, if not power itself, at least its common emblem; but Roman Catholic dignitaries have shown over and over again that the greatest power can be, and is, wielded without money at all. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the most powerful order ever known to history, lived and died in poverty; and to look over the saints of the Romish hagiology is to be struck with the number of those who have most literally carried out the instructions of their Master, and, like St. Francis and St. Dominic, vowed themselves to poverty.

Automobilists are fortunate in having among their number one who is not only a Prime Minister who has had the distinction of being fined on several occasions for reckless driving, but who is also a most adroit apologist for himself and his fellow-motorists. In a letter to a Dundee correspondent, who said the twenty miles an hour was a highly dangerous speed, Mr. Balfour makes an excellent justification of the new Bill. He says that twenty miles an hour is not at all dangerous, and that the alarm arises from a misconception of the control which a chauffeur has over his vehicle. He thinks a motor-car going at this rate safer than a heavy tram going, as trams often do, at sixteen or seventeen miles an hour. The motor-car is far more in hand, and involves fewer risks. Mr. Balfour is not far wrong in his contentions. Much of the antipathy to the motor-car is due to imagination and the novelty of seeing these machines dashing about the country. The most valid objection made to them is one that has not obtained to any great extent this year. It is that a fast motor raises such a cloud of dust as to become a nuisance to other people on the road; but dust this year, as it happens, has been at a premium.

The Great Western Railway Company are making a very interesting experiment with motor-cars, which was very fully described at the annual meeting at Paddington. In October they are going to begin to run a motor-train to carry fifty-two passengers in the Stroud Valley. In other districts the directors propose to feed their own railway by motor-cars, and, by way of experiment, have given instructions for five of these cars to be purchased. They are to be run at a moderate speed, and it is expected that the patronage they receive will allow the directors to judge to what extent a light railway might be useful to the population. This is the sort of thing that points to the utilisation of the motor-car on proper lines. As a toy it may very likely go out of fashion, unless, indeed, means can be taken of securing more comfort than is at present available, but as a subsidiary help to our railway service it must become invaluable, and its

popularity will stand on a very firm basis. The other railway companies cannot avoid following the example set them by the Great Western.

Parliament is prorogued, and journalists have as usual been amusing themselves and their readers by trying to estimate what changes have occurred in the standing and fame of leading members during the Session. Of the veterans it is scarcely necessary to speak here. The two great personalities have been those of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, of whom the latter has had the praise and the former the blame, though those who know best hold that the Prime Minister has never played a more chivalrous part than during the present Session. But the more interesting point is the evolution of what seems likely to become one of the historic antagonisms in English politics. From the time when Fox opposed Pitt there have usually been two dominant personalities, of whom the latest were Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. The two young men who have come most to the front during the present Session are Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Lloyd-George. Their admirers consider both to be men of the most pronounced ability, and, given a little good fortune, they might in future years become the opposed and dominant leaders of Parliament. It is a long time to look forward to, however, and in politics, as Disraeli used to say, it is the unexpected that happens.

BOATING SONG.

Row slowly, slowly down the river,
The ripples, breaking, stir with Spring;
A thousand sunbeams dance and quiver,
A thousand thrushes build and sing.
For all the morning dawns in gladness,
And every sound is turned to song.
Oh! day, know no sadness!
Oh! Love, dream no wrong!
For life is a gladness,
And every breath a song.
Row softly, softly down the river;
The ripples, rising, break and sing.
"Ah! would the day were ours for ever!
Ah! would the year were endless Spring."
Row slowly, slowly where the river
Makes murmuring echo to the breeze,
Where golden glories melt and quiver,
To westward, through the willow trees!
For all the daylight dies in dreaming,
And only Love and Heaven awake.
Come, moon, with thy gleaming
O'er meadow and brake!
For day dies in dreaming,
And Love and Heaven awake.
Row softly, softly down the river,
Love whispers echo to the breeze;
"Ah! would we two could drift for ever,
And dream beneath the willow trees!"

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

According to the latest published rain statistics, it appears that on August 17th we were within the hundredth part of an inch of breaking the record rainfall. In 1878, the previous best, or rather worst, 14.07 in. was registered in London. In the same months—June, July, and August—counting only seventeen days in 1903, the total was 14.06 in. Of seventy-eight summer days in London we have had rain on thirty-three, and the worst of it has been that the rain was no Scotch mist, but in most cases a heavy, even downpour, lasting for hours and having the effect of a thunder-storm. It is a year in which streets have been flooded, newspapers drowned out, railway trains stopped, and shops deluged. But that is only the town version. In some parts of the country the hay is still lying rotting in the fields, and over the greater part of the kingdom the prospect for harvest becomes gloomier with each passing day.

An effect of the weather, that has as much interest, though not the same mercantile importance, as that of others, is as regards cricket. It seemed at one time as if the fight for the championship was going to be the finest and stiffest in the annals of the game. Yorkshire, after suffering four defeats at the beginning, pulled up with a pluck and resolution worthy of the old reputation of the Tykes, and began a series of victories that brought them speedily into the second place, with a fair chance of obtaining the first. Middlesex, before meeting Yorkshire, had an unbroken record of victories, and the match between these counties was by far the most dramatic and interesting of the season. It ended in a victory for Yorkshire, and Lord Hawke and his merry men were justified in looking forward to making a good tussle for the premier position. As we write, however, the weather seems to have ruined this prospect. Middlesex and Yorkshire have both been obliged to draw their game owing to the rain, but whereas Middlesex was in an unfavourable position, Yorkshire was almost certain to have won. It should be mentioned, also, that Middlesex has only played about half the number of games which the Northern county has played.

Mr. W. T. Stead's latest solicitude is for the welfare of the multi-millionaires, who are increasing in number in this country as well as in America. Some of them, like Mr. Rockefeller, are really rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and it is quietly suggested that a time may come when this estate will be worth a million a week. Of course that is rather a large presumption, because the history of great wealth has always ended with a story of dissipation. To assume that anything else will happen to the great fortunes amassed during the present day is to go against history and human nature. A great business man does not necessarily beget another business man to be his heir, and the idea of managing a gigantic property through a board of trustees is one that often leads to trouble. Many men are not equal to one, and trustees have their frailties like other human beings, so that the perpetuation of a huge estate, without any aid from legislation such as the law of entail devised for the purpose of maintaining the strength of great families, must be a very difficult matter. It must be said that many of the millionaires have used their money wisely. Mr. Rockefeller himself has given money to cottages, and we all know of the public libraries that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has founded.

It would be interesting to ascertain, if we could, the number of millionaires there are in the civilised world, but unfortunately no official returns are available. In Great Britain fifteen persons pay income-tax on amounts exceeding £50,000 a year, and there are eighty-six firms and 655 public companies equally rich. In Ireland there is only one man who pays tax on over £50,000, and he returns his income as £104,929. In Prussia last year sixty people seem to have had £50,000 a year. The late Alfred Krupp stated his fortune to have been thirteen and a-half millions. These are but a few stray facts. Probably in England far more people have over £50,000 a year than would appear from the returns. Nowadays the wealth of really rich men is distributed in companies and businesses that extend over the face of the whole world, and full returns are very difficult to obtain.

A New York journalist, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, who owns the *New York World*, has provided a sum equal to half a million pounds for the purpose of establishing a school of journalism. A hundred thousand pounds has been spent on the building, and the rest is given as an endowment to the various branches of the business, such as the financing of a newspaper, local, out-of-town, and foreign news service, editorial, literary, financial, and other departments. Some might term this a quite unnecessary institution, since Americans are born journalists and require no training; but in the alternative, as the lawyers say, Fleet Street was a very good school long before we English set the example of founding journalistic institutions. Somehow Fleet Street teaches the true principles of the art, and those who have gone through its Bohemian training do not require either a school or an endowment.

It seems quite possible that the cure which used to be known as taking the waters will be revived. The ruin of inland watering-places was due to the growth of the industry of bottling the waters. When a man could have what he wanted in his bedroom, why should he go a long distance and be wearied with dull amusements for the sake of drinking from the well? For we cannot help suspecting that even Bath and Cheltenham, in the plenitude of their gaiety, were a trifle dull, at least to all who did not enjoy their balls and promenades. Doctors recently, however, have come to the conclusion that the benefit of the water from the spas depends on certain minute gaseous discharges that escape quickly, so that if the waters are really to be taken to the best advantage, they must be drunk at a well in the old fashion. We are heartily glad to hear it. A great many people would be very much the better even for the exercise of going to get their morning drink, and for the dullness of an inland watering-place, that at least, spells rest and quiet.

The *Sanitary Record* has recently pointed out a physical defect that in some measure accounts for the ill-health of the poorer classes. This is the loss of the sense of smell. No doubt throughout all portions of the community this particular sense has weakened more than any of the others we possess. At one time it was probably as keen in the human animal as in any other, and occasionally we have witnessed some very curious reversions, as in the case of the man in Huntingdon who could follow a fox by the scent as certainly as the best hound. More often, however, the sense is lost altogether, and the consequence is that people are able to live under the most unhealthy conditions, which a sense of smell would have warned them of. How it can be cultivated and brought back to something like its original vigour is a question that ought to engage the attention of those who are taking physical education in hand. They freely acknowledge the necessity of educating the eye, the hand, and the ear, but hitherto we have not observed that the nose has been included.

We had really thought that the man who spoke and wrote of the "butchery of the battue," and the ease of killing birds driven to you, had died either a natural or a violent death. But he is plainly reincarnated. In a first-rate daily paper, which we should not like to name, he is in prominent print on the subject of the Twelfth and of the grouse. "The essence of the sport," writes this inspired man, "is being wilfully exchanged for a mere accident—the killing of the birds. That, under the system of driving, has become a butchery of enormous dimensions. It is the beaters who do the walking. They do it mechanically, while equally mechanical gunners pull the triggers." Again, "to be driven by hirelings" (the imaginative man is now writing from the point of view of the grouse) "in a storm over murderous guns waiting out of sight is a bad thing. Such hungry guns cannot be supplied without the artificial breeding of grouse"—and so on. It is the sort of rubbish that we used to read. We thought we had buried it for ever, but here it is again, like, very like, the clown of pantomime. There is but one place for such a one to learn wisdom—in a grouse butt; but there, obviously, he has never been.

The grouse have proved, and are proving, as it generally was supposed they would, patchy. From some moors we hear reports of something like record bags, from others that there is hardly a bird to shoot. While grouse are thus dubious, all points to a good deer year. There was more than the normal amount of pasture all through the winter, which is so necessary for the bulk and general well-being of the beasts, and about June, when the feeding and the lying should be dry, the Highlands were blessed with this desirable condition, even while the Thames was flooding its river-side towns. This is the critical time, or so the experts tell us, for the horns; so, altogether, both venison and heads should be of the best. There are signs in the backwardness of the grouse, and their immaturity on many moors, of the severely frosty nights that were fatal to the first-laid eggs, but frosty nights do not bother the deer if they can get dry lying.

THE THISTLE.

With every golden August he comes upon the scene
All bonneted in purple and plaided in the green;
And never braver gallant stands sworded in the field
To face a hundred foemen without a targe or shield.
The wild flower maids may worship him. In vain their country gowns;
A king who wears the purple may only wed with crowns!
So this tall courtly lover that none may bind or bar
Stands waiting in the clover to kiss the morning star!
He bends his proud, proud head to her; and oh! his heart beats high!
But there's a world between those two of wind and open sky!
She will not look nor listen, she will not stoop nor yield;
For all his royal purple he has wooed too far a-field!
His stalwart limbs grow feeble; his head is bent and grey;
In the white moons of harvest his green plaid fades away,
And as the star of morning rides careless through the skies
He throws her his last kisses of thistle-down—and dies!

W. H. OGILVIE.

In most of the southern parts of England the year has been a bad one for the rabbits; especially in clay and other holding soils that do not allow the water to soak away, the burrows have been full of water, and this does not agree at all with the bunny, especially at nesting-time. The second stage in the life history of young rabbits of the year is that after quitting the nursery, with constitutions enfeebled by constant damp, which only a percentage survive at all, they find themselves perpetually feeding on soaked herbage, which is a very bad nutriment either for rabbits or sheep. Then they have all the trouble in the world to find a dry burrow or dry tussock to go to sleep in, and altogether it is no wonder at all that the population of the warren has not flourished. The wonder is rather that their birth-rate compares with the death-rate as favourably as it does—that is, according to such rough census as our observation enables us to take.

One of the barbarities against which the Humanitarian League has often couched a lance is the method of feeding snakes in Zoological Gardens and menageries with live animals, but Mr. William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, has been giving some information regarding the new and less cruel method pursued there. He says that all the larger snakes, such as the pythons, boa-constrictors, and anacondas are fed with newly-killed animals. It is not found at all necessary to offer the prey alive, and if a newly-killed animal be introduced it will be taken readily should the snake be hungry. He says, in fact, that they will often accept a freshly-killed rabbit or fowl more readily than a live one. Some little skill and judgment, it is true, must be exercised in the introduction of the dead meat, so as to make it tempting to the snake, which can often be teased into taking and swallowing food when its appetite does not appear to be very keen. The rattle-snakes and massasaugas refuse to take any food except it be alive. We believe that the Zoological Society of London has recently adopted the system of feeding which has just been described.

THE "TWELFTH" AT RUABON.

WE are very pleased to be able to give some details and pictures, by the courtesy of Mr. A. Wynn Corrie, of the sport on the Twelfth of August on the Welsh moors near Ruabon, of which Mr. Corrie is the tenant. We are pleased to do this because there seems to be among shooters of the grouse in particular, and of game generally, a misunderstanding as to the possibilities of Welsh moors, and also some misunderstanding with regard to the existing facts on the best Welsh moors. It is probable, too, that as regards the first part it is a misunderstanding that is shared by a great many owners of Welsh moors themselves; for otherwise it is not easily explicable how it is that we see so many of the owners content with the extremely modest bags that their moors give them. They acquiesce in the moderate condition of things as if it were decreed by Providence that for reasons humanly inscrutable the grouse should be *rara avis* on a Welsh moor. Inscrutable the reasons must be, for neither the heather nor the climate appears singularly different from that in other parts of these islands where grouse abound. It is no milder than in Arran. But perhaps the chief reason of acquiescence on the part of many owners of moors, both in Wales and elsewhere, is that they have not given the subject much thought, and that it has not occurred to them that the grouse are capable of



W. A. Rouch.

THE GUNS.

Copyright

being improved by tolerably simple means. That is the most likely reading of the apparent mystery; and it seems not unreasonable to hope that a picture of affairs at the best, perhaps, of all the Welsh moors may give them some illumination that may lead to better things.

As a rule the light that is good for picture taking with the camera is good for gunning, and it was so on August 12th, 1903, in South Wales. The day was all that could be wished—warm, yet not too warm, the wind very light. The best

photographs we have been able to get of grouse on the wing were taken, on the contrary, in a very heavy wind. An instance in point is the illustration of Lord Ripon's moor, taken in a raging gale of wind last year, and shown in COUNTRY LIFE. The high wind caused the birds to fly high, and gave opportunities that do not occur very often, except on moors of a steeply undulating nature, of taking the birds against a light sky background. On the Twelfth this year, in the light airs that blew over the South Welsh moors, birds came stealing along in low flight just above the heather, giving a much better chance than the high-flyers to the guns, but not nearly so good a chance to the photographer. The very low birds are not really very easy for the gunner either. Those at a medium height are what he would like best. Against the heather, with which their plumage



W. A. Rouch.

CROSSING NEWTOWN DINGLE.

Copyright

assimilates rather closely, they are hard to kill unless the light be very good. But for the pleasure of the day, apart from the results with gun or camera, the Twelfth at Ruabon would be impossible to beat.

The guns, besides Mr. Wynn Corrie, the host, were Colonel Ormsby-Gore, Major R. Williams-Wynn, Sir Offley Wakenham, Mr. H. Barclay, Mr. Percy Laming, Mr. F. Hayes, and Mr. C. H. B. Williams. These eight guns accounted for 209 brace of grouse before luncheon, and with this more than respectable total it is yet said that this is to be but an indifferent year at Ruabon. They got their record there, and it is a record for the whole of Wales, in 1901, the great grouse year everywhere, when they killed 3,340 brace in the season. There was a falling off in 1902, and it is feared that the bag of that year even will not be equalled this year. Still, the before-luncheon bag on the last Twelfth is good enough to satisfy most people, and may surprise many who hold the general vague ideas about the bags of grouse in Wales. The whole area of this moor is no more



W. A. Ronch.

THE LINE OF "CLOCK" BUTTS.

Copyright

The photograph that is entitled "Uphill Work" does not suggest that the actors deem themselves to be taking no exercise.

The photograph which is named "The Line of 'Clock'

Butts" has a special interest. It shows not only Ruabon Valley and reservoir in the distance, but it is also suggestive of the haze and smoke mist, not altogether favourable for camera work, that lies almost perpetually in the Ruabon Valley. This touches rather an interesting question. It is affirmed by some people who have had good opportunities of forming an opinion, that this smoke, which comes from collieries, is of distinct benefit to the grouse. There is many a moor in England and some in Scotland where the carbon will come off black on your hand if you sweep it through the heather, and it is claimed that where this is the case the grouse enjoy a remarkable immunity from the disease which affects their kind. It would be interesting if someone with a turn for statistics (and there are people with



W. A. Ronch.

ON THE HILLSIDE.

Copyright

than 8,000 acres, which is a further testimony to the excellent capabilities of the ground. It should be said, in justice, that Mr. Wynn Corrie is fortunate in having for his keeper a first-rate man, of very athletic build, and with a faculty for getting good work out of those employed under him. His name is Allan Brown. He has been with Mr. Corrie during the whole of the five years that he has rented Ruabon, and Mr. Corrie is very ready to give Brown every credit for the way in which he has worked up the grouse.

Although the wind was light, just enough to keep the cumulus clouds shifting, the birds did not come by easy shots, but twisting and sniping, so that if the shooting had been at all less good the bag might not have been nearly as large. Towards midday it was very hot, and the scent seemed to grow so very poor that the dogs failed to find a good many birds of those that were killed.

It is a hard-walking moor, with plenty of up hill and down — real climbing — and if some of the gentry who hold the idea that grouse-driving gives no exercise, except to the beaters and the grouse, had been with the guns they might have modified their notions.

this queer taste) would make it his business to enquire to what extent this theory is correct. Perhaps it could not be made of any practical benefit, even if it were to be proved

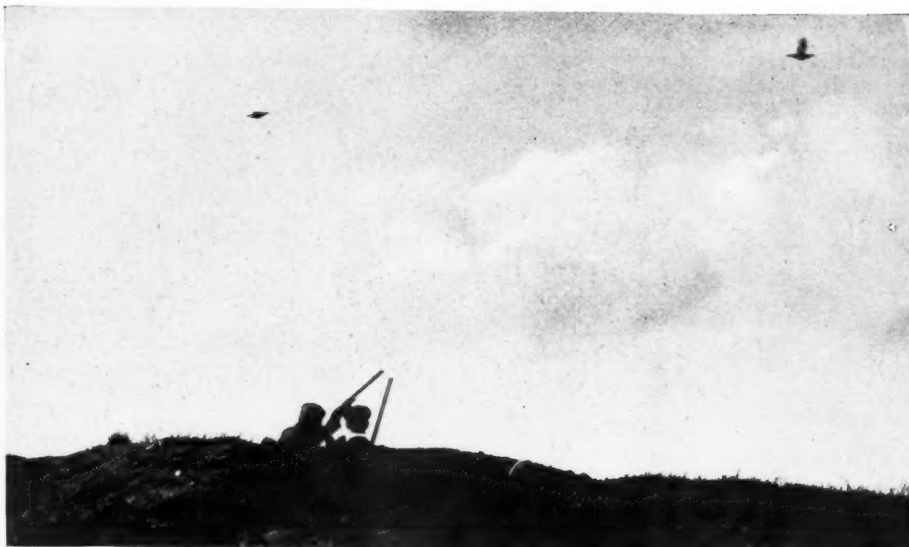


W. A. Ronch.

UPHILL WORK.

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that the carbon helps the bird, for there are other reasons, more potent even than the encouragement of the stock of grouse, that would induce people to open up collieries if they had the chance of finding coal in payable quantities below their moors, and they would not do so merely for the grouse's sake. But amongst moors to be named where there is this coincidence, to claim no more for it, of smoke and coal deposit on the heather, and comparative immunity of the grouse from disease, is this at Ruabon. Other causes there are in plenty



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THEY COME IN ONES AND TWOS.

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approaching birds. This is perhaps the better way, for it is positively marvelous to watch an old cock bird, coming at thirty or forty miles an hour, suddenly swing round and lead the whole pack away from a suspicious object in their line of flight. This is, perhaps, not so important at the beginning of the season as later on, when the young birds have learned what to expect once they are aroused by the long line of beaters. This

year reports from all over the country state that the birds are very wild, as is generally the case after wet weather in



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FALLING BIRD TO MR. PERCY LAMING.

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that may reduce the disease to a minimum, such as a proper burning of the heather, which is by no means likely to be overlooked in the consulship of Allan Brown.

The photograph of the line of "clock" butts, as they are called, shows the boxes standing up strongly defined against the general surface of the moor; but in another picture, that entitled "They come in Ones and Twos," there is to be seen a butt that is so sunken that it must be relatively invisible, when it is not tenanted by the gun and his loader, to the eyes of the

July and August. Unfortunately from many quarters we hear of second broods so young that it is very questionable if the vast

majority will ever reach maturity; and one correspondent writes that he found a nest with eggs in it as late as August 6th. This, of course, is bound to affect the shooting season of 1903 to a certain extent, and it is more than probable that the grouse crop of next year will suffer also.

One of the pictures shows the guns crossing "Newtown Dingle." We find that many people when they first come to Wai are great



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MR. CORRIE AND HIS DOG PUNCH.

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surprised by the places that are called by the word "dingle." They seem to have assumed, probably because there is a suggestion of the diminutive about its termination, that it meant a very small depression; but in point of fact it is used as virtually the equivalent of the Scottish "glen"; and it is in likeness of a Scottish glen that this "dingle," called especially "Newtown," is seen in the illustration.

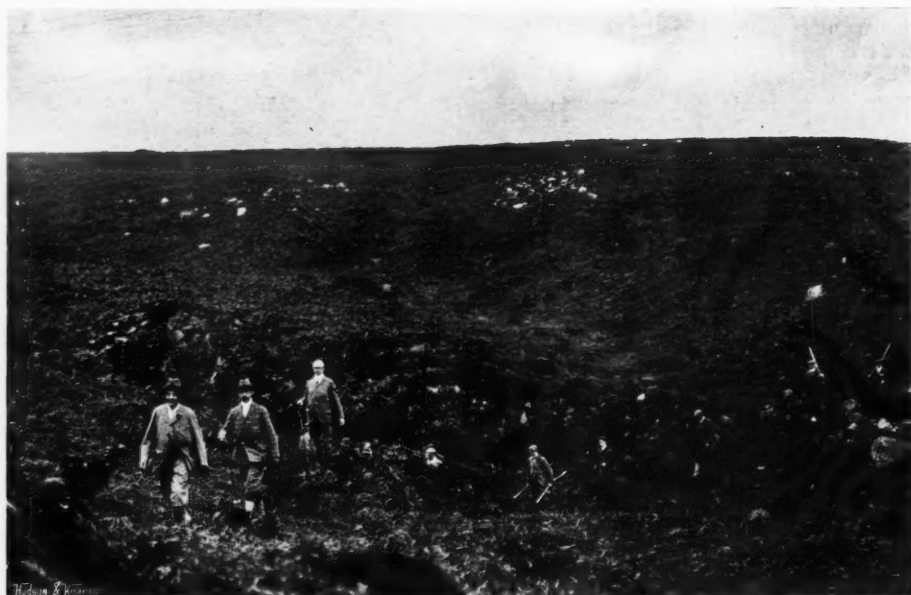
One does not know, of course, from the Twelfth alone what a moor is going to do all through the season; and it may be that Ruabon will not be up to its promise and performance of the last two years, but at any rate it has done well enough, both this year and before, to show that there is no reason why Welsh moors, as a rule, should not be a great deal better than they are. Of course, the single instance of Ruabon does not by any means exhaust the list of moors that are good and well managed in Wales, but there is very much potential grouse ground in the Principality that is practically wasted; that is the lesson that Ruabon teaches, and that many Welshmen would be most glad to realise.

In conclusion, attention may be drawn to the device shown in the picture called "On the Hillside." It is a machine for hanging the grouse up in the open air, devised by Mr. A. Wynn Corrie himself, and by Brown, the keeper. The grouse, when hung up in it, are covered with what is called a "cheese cloth," to keep the flies off until the final count and packing of the day. In this way the birds no doubt keep fresher than if closely bundled when warm into tightly-packed panniers—the usual alternative.

"GOD TEMPERS THE WIND TO . . THE SHORN LAMB."

IT seems absurd that Sterne could not write thus without provoking something that was nearly a tragedy in the village of Heathcote.

It only shows how little we can calculate the consequences of words. Old Michael Ambrose was what the Scripture calls an austere man. In his old age a son, whom he called appropriately Benjamin, was born to him, and simultaneously Mrs. Ambrose died, so that



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TO THE NEXT DRIVE.

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MR. PERCY LAMING AND HIS RETRIEVER.

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THE HOME-COMING TEAM.

Michael had the up-bringing of Benjamin, and did his work with a heavy hand and a heart brimful of zeal. He was one of those rigid Methodists found chiefly in the Western parts of England.

And this is a curious thing, for it seems a hard religion quite out of tune with the gentle nature of the people and the gentle influences of Nature. But Michael's view of religion would have turned putty hard.

It was the time of sheep-shearing. Michael was a farmer in a very small way. The summer had been one of those day cold and day hot changeable summers in which, as some people say, you do not know what clothes to put on. That was a problem that did not vex Michael, nor Benjamin either, for the matter of that, because they had but one work-a-day suit of clothes a-piece, besides their blacks for Sundays, in which they would march to their seats in the iron-roofed chapel, with boots squeaking ferociously as if to advertise the presence of their wearers in the house of prayer. What did vex the soul of Michael was the question when to shear his sheep. Benjamin was for putting it off a day or two longer, to give the shifty weather a better chance. He lived in a

mortal dread of his father, but still had in him something of the father's own austere, unbending spirit, which heartened him now and again to stand up in tentative opposition to his parent. But there was seldom question as to which was the master. Old Michael would have deemed himself untrue to all Scriptural and patriarchal precedent if he had allowed his son at any time to imagine his authority was to be disputed. So Michael announced his resolve to shear the sheep on the morrow, taking comfort to himself with the characteristic observation: "For as the Scripture tells us, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'" It was then that Benjamin had astounded his father by retorting sturdily, "That's not from the Bible, father." "Not from the Bible, young man!" Michael answered, with a calm that betokened a storm at hand. "What will it be from, then? What next will you be denying from the Word of God?" The young man rejoined again that it was not a quotation from the Word of God. As to what book it was from, that he could not say; but he knew that it was not from the Bible, because the parson had told him so. This was an unfortunate remark. The authority of the parson



"RING-A-RING O' ROSES."

This was at the commencement of the time when brother Briton went to tear at the throat of brother Boer. Benjamin passed out of the door of his father's cottage into the gathering summer twilight, and thence by way of the sergeant with the recruiting ribbons and a much over-packed transport to South Africa. It was three years to the day from that date that a man in khaki, with a slight limp of one leg, came about evening along the road towards Heathcote village. First he met the farm horses going home to the big farm at the village head, next he saw Michael Ambrose's donkey cropping by the roadside at the end of the village green. A little further on the children on the green stopped their game of dancing "Ring-a-ring o' roses" to see the brown-faced man in khaki coming. And, finally, as he was getting near Michael's cottage he saw the old man himself driving his few sheep, just newly shorn. Michael looked a little older, as men do in three years; but his face was as firm and strong as ever, though downcast towards the ground. He would have passed without a word or a look the brown-faced man in khaki if the latter had not said as he came to him, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." "Yes," said the old man, stopping,



NEWLY SHORN.

was the last that he should have invoked, for the *odium theologicum* was accepted as a duty by the zealous Methodists of Heathcote, and Michael Ambrose had his full share of it. So the storm broke at that. Michael called his son many names that no doubt he was sorry for afterwards at heart, though no doubt also he would not have acknowledged so much even to himself. Nothing is further from the creed of the Methodists of Heathcote than the idea of confession of sin. Benjamin challenged his father to find the quotation, if it were in the Bible; and he ought to have known his way about the Holy Book, for it was his constant study in the winter evenings. But still he could not find the words, and that circumstance did not tend to lessen his wrath. In the end, he showed Benjamin the door; ordered him, in the voice which the boy knew brooked no gainsaying, to leave the house, and not return to it until such day as he should be prepared to admit that these words, so obviously Scriptural, came from the Holy Bible. Who can say how literally he expected his son to obey his words? In any case, the obedience was absolute—for three years.



ASTRAY IN THE LANE.

"we had some trouble about them words once. I thought as they was in the Bible; but my son Benjamin he said no. And I find now he was right. But no man should write words as like Scripture as that, except it be in the Bible. Why"—there

was a long pause as the old man looked into the brown face—"Benjamin, be it you?"

It was not till an hour later that Michael remembered he had left his sheep wandering about the village.

FISHER-FOLK.

THERE is a little unfashionable, unspoiled seaside village, which the inhabitants call a town, in which I have often found it amusing to spend a few summer weeks. The men are for the most part engaged in deep-sea fishing, and to one who does not know them they seem to be all as like one another as two peas; but when one comes into real acquaintance with these jersey-clad men and stalwart women, it is to find that they really present a great diversity of individuality and history and character. They are alike in only one thing, that is, they carry about with them something of the fragrance of the salt sea, but their careers have been very widely different. One old man, who has now become the pilot for the few vessels that enter the small and difficult harbour, was for twenty or thirty years an able-bodied seaman, but only on sailing vessels. He began life with a prejudice against steamers, which was never overcome till one of his voyages brought him back to his native village, and found him disinclined to wander from it again. So, having settled down for a year or two, he dropped into the proud position of being pilot, and when he is not engaged in the duty of his office, he is generally to be seen standing on the quay with a long glass at his eye, scanning the blue expanse of sea. Many of the other natives have been widely-travelled men, though, as is the way of sailors, they know little or nothing of the countries they have visited. Indeed, the world to them has been the ship they were sailing in, and when they stopped at a port, it seems to have been their habit to go in a blind sort of way to some house of entertainment, and return without making many acquaintances. It is very seldom indeed that a sailor can give you anything like a graphic account of a foreign place; but there is an old Scotchman who has strayed to this English fishing village, after tossing and tumbling about for twenty or thirty years in the mercantile marine, who is

an exception to the rule. In his young days he was accustomed to go in a schooner to certain of the Spanish ports. When the women of that country are mentioned, "Man, they've flashin' een," he says, "and they gang like queens." It is surmised by his cronies that some "daughter of a Spanish merchant" had made and left this lasting impression on the mind of Sandy. But the majority of the people have no histories to relate, their only



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THE OLD PILOT.

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migration being, like that of the good Dr. Primrose, from the "green bed into the brown." But, of course, with a difference. Their change has been from salt-water to fresh-water fishing.

The river that comes into the sea where the village stands is a salmon one, in which netting goes on during a portion of the year, so the same men who at one season go out after herring and mackerel at another man the cobbles at the salmon fisheries. They are all addicted to poaching, and it is amusing when one is out, as I have often been, with them cruising and fishing, to hear their defence of taking salmon out of season. Everyone who goes down to the sea in ships is more or less of a philosopher. He does all by reason and nothing by instinct; or, at least, he says so. Their argumentation has the clearness and simplicity of Euclid. It amounts to this. The fisherman asks you, "How much do you pay for your salmon when you happen to buy it?" and you innocently answer, "From a shilling to two shillings a pound, according to the time of the year and the state of the market." "Well," he replies, "that's the rich man's fush, and hasn't the poor man a right to his fush as well?" It is a fact that the price charged for these illicitly-caught salmon is so absurdly small that one wonders that the fishermen care to encounter so much trouble and risk for so slight a reward. During the close season salmon is sold for a penny or twopence a pound. Perhaps it may be thought that the quality is not so good, but the fisherman has his reply to that too. "Look at the



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WHEN THE BOATS COME IN.

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gentlemen with their rods," he says; "the rod season is at its best when the nets are taken off the water." As a matter of fact, the fish illicitly caught at the mouth of a river seem to be only on their way to spawn, and are in the most perfect condition. But all the eloquence of all the divines and lawyers in Europe would not convince these men that there is any sin in taking a salmon out of season. In this case the law has not got public opinion on its side. There are, for example, several well-known men in the valleys of the Tweed and its

tributaries who have suffered fine and imprisonment for the offence of "stickin' trout," and who, nevertheless, are respected elders of the Church. It is a great pity, because the method of poaching which they describe by this phrase is a very destructive one. It consists in a use of the "leister." Some of my readers may like to know exactly what this instrument is, though no doubt the majority remember Scott's description of the operation in "Guy Mannering." That was done from a boat; but the leistering that really hurts a salmon river is done on foot. The man with the spear, which is about 8ft. long, with a three-pronged fork at one end, wades up the middle of the stream. On each side of him is a man bearing a torch, which is usually made of tow steeped in coal tar, while two more men are on either bank, carrying more material for the torches, and also the indispensable bottle of whisky, as well as keeping a look-out for the water-bailiffs. Of course, a pretence is made that the expedition is merely an eel-spearing one; but the real object is salmon and large trout. The bottle of whisky is not in the nature of a luxury, but a necessity, for to wade a stream in the dark is to run an exceedingly great risk of going souse into some deep pool, which will make a demand on the swimming powers of the leisterer.



F. M. Sutcliffe. EXPRESSING THEIR OPINION. Copyright



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SORTING OUT THE CATCH.

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Many of the men who take to this illicit pastime suffer for it in later years in the shape of acute rheumatism, for, after having been ducked several times in the course of a night, and being wet through and through, they have to crawl into bed or into some hayloft as quietly as possible, since secrecy is a prime consideration of the poacher.

On larger rivers, such as the Yarrow and the Teviot, a man often pursues this craft in solitude. While daylight still lingers he notes the gravel bed on which the salmon is prepar-

ing to spawn, and then when darkness comes he creeps forth with his spear and a home-made lantern. The latter has



"BONNIE FISH AND HALESOME FARIN."

only one side of it glass, so that when pressed against his body it is a dark lantern, and he need only show it when he has approached the haunt of his game and is preparing to strike. But well the water-bailiff knows that mysterious-looking glint of light on the broad and otherwise dark waters, and so it often happens that the poacher, wading back with his prey, steps ashore only to find himself in the clasp of arms not to be described as loving. The writer possesses a leister and a lantern taken from one of these nocturnal adventurers exactly in the manner described. At the river mouth the manner of poaching is bolder. It is done merely by netting in the usual way, but it often results in a fierce encounter with the coastguards, who go out after the delinquents in a small steam launch; nor is their duty a nominal one. The river is not very broad, and to get to the point where the netting is most common they have to pass close by the shore. It is the custom of the women, when they see that their men are in danger, to gather here with aprons and baskets full of stones, which they

shy with great vigour and accuracy at the unfortunate officers of the law, who are treated to an outcry of almost fiendish imprecation if they are so unmanly as to take one of the missiles and cast it back at their feminine assailants, who on such occasions express the loftiest regard for the privileges of sex. In witnessing a scene like this one would think that fury and hate and the dogs of war had all been let loose, but, as a matter of fact, there is no ill-will at the bottom. People who come in contact with the sea are nearly all kindly in disposition, though kindness makes them none the worse at fighting, and the same men who are stoned as representatives of the law would be hospitably entertained if they came as mere human beings to the doors of the fisher-folk; and they recount all these histories to one, not with the indignation that might be expected, but with eyes that twinkle with merriment, and a wholesome laugh that takes away the sting of malice.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME ROSES TO MAKE NOTE OF FOR AUTUMN PLANTING.

THE writer was in a garden of Roses recently, and noticed in the fragrant and joyous throng a few of unusual beauty, which are herewith noted. Mme. Marie Lavallée is a Tea Rose so little known that it may be

called "new," but it is a flower of warm beauty, fragrant, and sufficiently vigorous to plant against an openwork fence, or in some place where its strong shoots can lean over and let the clear shining rose flowers catch the summer sun. There it glows into colour, and makes one pause to enquire the name of so free and bright a Rose. The common Damask was everywhere. The leafy bushes, with their bright green leaves, were bending with the weight of flowers, ruby red in colour, a dashing cottage-like Rose which our forefathers grew because they possessed few others. Celeste was another Rose of great charm; it is also known as Celestial, and is classed with the Albas, to which its relationship may clearly be seen in the broad bluish foliage. It is much like the old garden Rose, Maiden's Blush, but even prettier, the half-open bud being specially lovely. Mme. Plantier was everywhere in this garden of Roses; it tumbled over shrub and oaken post, over fence and pillar, and in huge odorous bunches of purest white. It is an old Rose, but seems to grow fresher with age, a variety we cannot do without. There in a snug, sunny corner was Coup d'Hebe, not far from the Maiden's Blush and the old Cabbage Rose, all garden flowers that won the hearts of our forefathers, and should not be passed over in this age of novelties which come thick and fast from the nurseries abroad and of our own land. A well-known rosarian writes about some of the more popular Roses at the present day, and his note is as follows:

"At the recent Bath Rose Show the varieties Mildred Grant and Bessie Brown were admired by all who saw them. Both belong to the Hybrid Tea group, and they are certain to be sought for at planting-time by all classes of growers. Judging by the frequency of the flowers in the exhibition stands, the season must have thoroughly suited them, Mildred Grant in particular." We are pleased our correspondent has a good word for the dark Roses. He writes: "There, too, were conspicuous such as Duke of Wellington, A. K. Williams, Tom Wood, Duc de Rohan, Marquise Litta, Captain Hay-



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WAITING FOR THE BREAD-WINNER.

variety alba, and C. pumila, which makes a very free growth smothered with flowers for many weeks. We know few rock or wall plants so good as this in the small garden; it has one virtue—it rarely fails. The rock Pinks are still in bloom, the more important being *Dianthus integer*, and the pretty little maiden Pink, *D. deltoides*, which is exceptionally green. Syringing on warm evenings is helpful, and also the removal of decaying flowers.

Lilium testaceum.—Of all Lilies, this is the most distinct and beautiful in colouring, which may be best described as clear yellow, relieved by bright orange anthers. It is supposed to be a hybrid between *L. chalcedonicum*, the scarlet Turk's-cap Lily, and the Madonna Lily (*L. candidum*), and resembles the latter in growth, while preserving the flower characteristics of the two. The segments reflex quite prettily. It grows well in a light sandy soil, and is perhaps the strongest and the least subject to disease of any Lily.

Ground Colours for Flowers at Shows.—Many, we may say most, exhibitions are spoilt by the crude grounds on which the flowers are shown.

As visitors to exhibitions are well aware, a hard green baize is used, and is the worst material for setting off the colours of the flowers and foliage. We were once asked for assistance in choosing a suitable pattern of colouring for these, and selected a certain tint of neutral grey-green, of a nature that is warm rather than cold, of course impossible to illustrate accurately in words, but such a colour as may be matched in Nature in, say, a piece of tree bark or half-dried moss. It is a colour that suits everything in the way of flower and leaf, so nearly neutral, and, though not dark, it is so low in tone that it does not come into competition with the most colourless foliage.



F. M. Sutcliffe.

FISHER-FOLK: HOME FROM THE SEA.

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Hydrangea Mariesii.—Flowers of this beautiful *Hydrangea* were sent to us recently from Devonshire. Few of its race are so distinct, and the colour is very bright, a striking pink and mauve shade, and the flowers are nearly gin. across.

A New Water-lily.—Mr. Hudson, the gardener at Gunnersbury House, has raised a new *Water-lily* or *Nymphaea*, and named it *N. gigantea Hudsonii*; it is a seedling from the tropical *N. gigantea*, as the name suggests,

and is very distinct in all ways. The flowers, when in their finest development, measure over 10in. across; the segments are broad and robust, and the colouring is blue, paler towards the base than towards the ends, where the shading is intense and very beautiful. It is grown in a frame in artificially warmed water from the boiler of a neighbouring plant house; in fact, there is a range of frames in which all the more tender *Nymphaeas* are grown, such as *N. stellata* and its Berlin variety, and several others.

TYPICAL ENGLISH VILLAGES: LACOCK.

THE drift of moving populations, and the changing conditions of later times, have altered the relative positions of many old places in England.

There are remote villages which returned members to Parliament, by right, as it were, of tradition, long before thriving places like Manchester and Liverpool had any representatives at all. Where, now, are those who spoke in the Commons for Gatton, which came to be a gentleman's park, for the green hillock of Old Sarum, and for Dunwich, swallowed up by the sea? There were other busy towns on our shores, opulent in their merchandise and affairs, of which the sites now lie also beneath the sea. Lacock in Wiltshire belongs to another class, being one of those places which have tended slowly to decay, losing gradually some of the importance they aforetime possessed. It was a market town once, but has become merely a rural village, and only a restored market cross tells of the things that thrived there. The time is, indeed, still remembered when much corn was bought and sold on the Lacock market-day.

The mention of the market takes us back to Lacock Abbey, from which the place derived much of its importance, and to the privileges obtained there by the Countess Ella, widow of William Longsword, who was the son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamond. Lacock Abbey was established on the banks of the Wiltshire Avon by this lady, who herself retired to rule as abbess the place of her foundation, and whose tombstone still remains in the cloisters of Mr. Charles Henry Talbot's beautiful domain of Lacock Abbey, which embodies much of the old conventual buildings, and is one of the best examples we possess of conventual arrangement. The Countess Ella assumed the government of the monastery in August, 1240. Already—in 1237—the King had granted to the prioress and nuns the right of a three days' fair, and, in the year after her appointment as abbess, Longsword's widow obtained a charter entitling her to hold a weekly market at Lacock, on Tuesdays, and to have one



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MANOR FARM: THE STEADING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

cart traversing the forest of Melksham to collect the dead wood and fuel there during the Royal pleasure. The market is now disused, but much of the forest aspect of the country remains. The village lies, indeed, in a very beautiful part of Wiltshire, about midway between Chippenham and Melksham, and the river Avon flows through a valley bordered by swelling hills, whose slopes are covered with much wood, and with the plantations of several stately domains in the neighbourhood—Lacock Abbey itself, Bowden and Spy Park, and Lord Lansdowne's fine place at Bowood. The stone cross, which stood in the market-place, was a light and elegant shaft, but was destroyed about eighty years ago, as is recorded, in order to furnish stone towards building the village school-room! It has since been restored, and is a memorial of historic note.

The ancient village is extremely quaint and beautiful, with an aspect of rural simplicity. The old houses, with narrow latticed windows, quaint gables, picturesque projections, and stone roofs covered with moss, line the roadway in delightful variety. Those which have space for gardens are embowered in foliage and gay with sweet-scented flowers; those which line the roadway lift their curious stilted gables and quaint timbered features close above the passer-by, with charming effect in form, hue, and varied skyline. The church, which has the almost unique dedication of St. Cyriac, is a fine cruciform structure in the Decorated style, so far as the north transept, south transept, and some parts of the west tower are concerned. The nave, however, is Perpendicular, and extremely rich and beautiful, and to about the same date belongs the spire. There is a lady chapel, highly ornate, with elaborate vaulting, and pendants of the time of Henry VII. The transepts were, unfortunately, raised about forty years ago, and the chancel is also modern.

Here is a rich Renaissance monument to Sir William Sherington, or Sharrington, raised in 1566, some thirteen years after his death, and also



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THE TITHE BARN.

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THE MANOR FARM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sumptuous monument to Sir John Talbot, ancestor of Mr. Charles Talbot of Lacock Abbey. Sir William Sherington gained a somewhat unenviable notoriety in his time. Lacock Abbey had been surrendered to the Royal Commissioners in 1539, and within two years he had acquired it by purchase, greatly altering it, adding to its architectural interests, and converting it into a dwelling-place. It was illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* recently. The owner stood rather high in the Royal favour, and was made a Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of Edward VI. He was also vice-treasurer of the Bristol Mint, and, when the debased "Testons," or shillings, were forbidden in 1547, he went on minting them from old church plate, which he bought and reduced to coin, whereby it is said he made about £4,000. He seems to have feared discovery, and it is undoubted that he was concerned in the plots of Lord Seymour of Sudeley, whom he helped by the loan of money and by coining money for Seymour's adherents. By these proceedings Sherington got himself deeper into the mire, and he was arrested in 1549 after his house at Lacock had been searched. He confessed everything, and received the Royal pardon. Subsequently he was employed in receiving French purchase-money for

the recovery of Boulogne. Sherington was soon in a position to recover his forfeited lands, acted as sheriff of Wiltshire, and Latimer preached a sermon in the Royal presence wherein he described him as "an honest gentleman, and one that God loveth." It is but just to observe that so seemly an end has seemed to some sufficient reason for casting doubt upon some of the enormities of this old officer of the Bristol Mint.

The estates passed to the family of the present owner through the marriage of an heiress. The nuns' boiler or cauldron still exists at Lacock near the fish-ponds, being a huge vessel of bronze or bell metal, cast at Mechlin in 1500, by Peter Waghuens, and estimated to hold sixty-seven gallons. It has three legs, handles, and a Latin inscription testifying its origin on a band round the middle. The tithe barn still remains near where the market was formerly held, and is one of those huge receptacles for grain which have almost the dimensions of churches, and its roof is very curiously constructed and upheld. As our illustrations will show, the Manor Farm buildings are extremely quaint and picturesque, and have a highly pictorial character, which

tions will show, the Manor Farm buildings are extremely quaint and picturesque, and have a highly pictorial character, which



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THE RISE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

has commended them to many wielders of the brush. Taken all together it must be said that Lacock is very typical of the old West Country villages, some of which have been left rather high and dry by the changing tide of human affairs.



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THE CHIPPENHAM ROAD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

FLINT-HUNTING.

A STROLL of two miles along a prehistoric trackway across the warrens had produced only two roughly-fashioned scrapers, a few flint flakes, and one or two fragments of early British pottery; but towards mid-day we reached a stony breck or tract of warren, the surface of which, a few years previously, had been turned over by the plough during a hopeless attempt at cultivation. The breck was on the Suffolk slope of the Little Ouse valley, near a round barrow, topped by five rugged and storm-rent firs. The fierce heat of the blazing sun poured down on our bent backs as we stooped over the ground, and the flints we picked up were so hot we could hardly hold them; but a glance over the surface of the breck was enough to convince us that we had reached a spot where careful searching

was likely to be rewarded, so, tilting our broad-brimmed hats another inch or two backward, we began working over the ground, up and down, like stone-pickers in a field. It soon became evident that we had hit upon the site of one of the several Neolithic flint factories which existed near the banks of the Little Ouse some three thousand years ago. Hardly a square yard of ground was without its ancient flint chips and flakes, and roughly-shaped implements were far from being few and far between. Long before the dusky firs began to cast shadows beyond the base of the barrow our pockets were so bulged and weighted that some of the larger cores and worked flints we came across had to be left for future searchers; and when at length we stopped to rest in the shadow of the firs, it was only with pain and difficulty that we managed to stand erect.

Only a tenancy of the spot for a lengthy period can have resulted in the ground being so strewn with worked flints as we found it. When we emptied our pockets we were astonished to see how many we had picked up in so short a time. Most of them were scrapers of one kind or another—some were horse-shoe-shaped or nearly circular; others of the so-called duck-bill type; yet others were hollow scrapers, such as may have been used in the shaping of arrow-shafts or the cleaning of sinews for bow-strings. Many of them had evidently been used, for their worked edges were worn so as to be almost smooth to the touch; but a few appeared never to have been used, for their edges were as keen as on the day when they were first chipped. Two or three were so small as to suggest that they may have served to smooth and sharpen such bone implements as pins and needles, and one had on the edge opposite the scraping edge a tiny, but

acute, projecting point, that may have been used for boring the eyes of needles. Then there were boring implements of various sizes, and long angular fabricators, as the implements are called, which are supposed to have been used for chipping the smaller flints; but the best-worked flints we found that day were two perfect little cutting implements. One of these, shaped out of a semi-circular flake of bluish grey flint, had its cutting edge finely chipped on one side, and ground by rubbing on the other; the other, a black flint implement, was so small that it could

only have been held between the thumb and first finger when in use, and the chipping of its cutting edge was of the finest kind.

In the village of Brandon—only a few miles from the spot where we found these relics of primitive man—several men were employed, during the time of our searching, in shaping flints in much the same way as did the men of the later Stone Age. But the implements they were using, instead of being fashioned of flint, bone, and hard fragments of rock, were metal hammers of peculiar shape and various sizes. With these, and other metal implements, the Brandon men can make beautiful little flint arrow-heads, like those which are discovered strewn about the brecks and warrens. But for all their advantages in the way of shaping instruments, they can make no better nor more shapely arrow-heads than could the Neolithic knappers who worked with rough tools of flint, bone, and rock. In shaping flints the most skilful of the twentieth century flint-workers is just as skilful as was Neolithic man, and no more so. If it were not for the bright polish which age and exposure to all weathers had put upon the flint flakes and implements on the breck, it might almost have been imagined that they were lying where the flint-workers had left them yesterday, instead of three thousand years ago.



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WHERE CHIPPENHAM MARKET WAS FORMERLY HELD.

"C.L."



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THE LION INN.

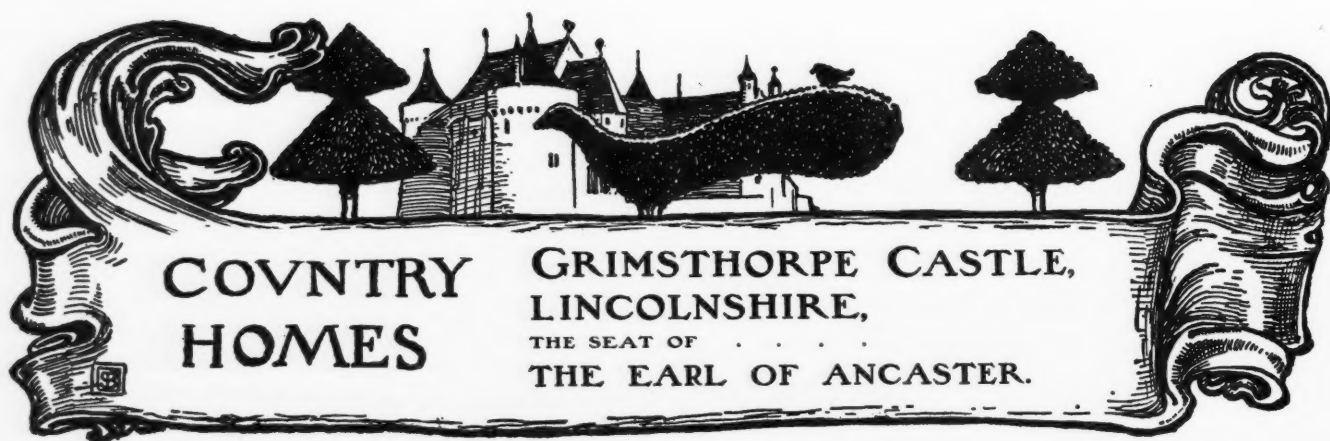
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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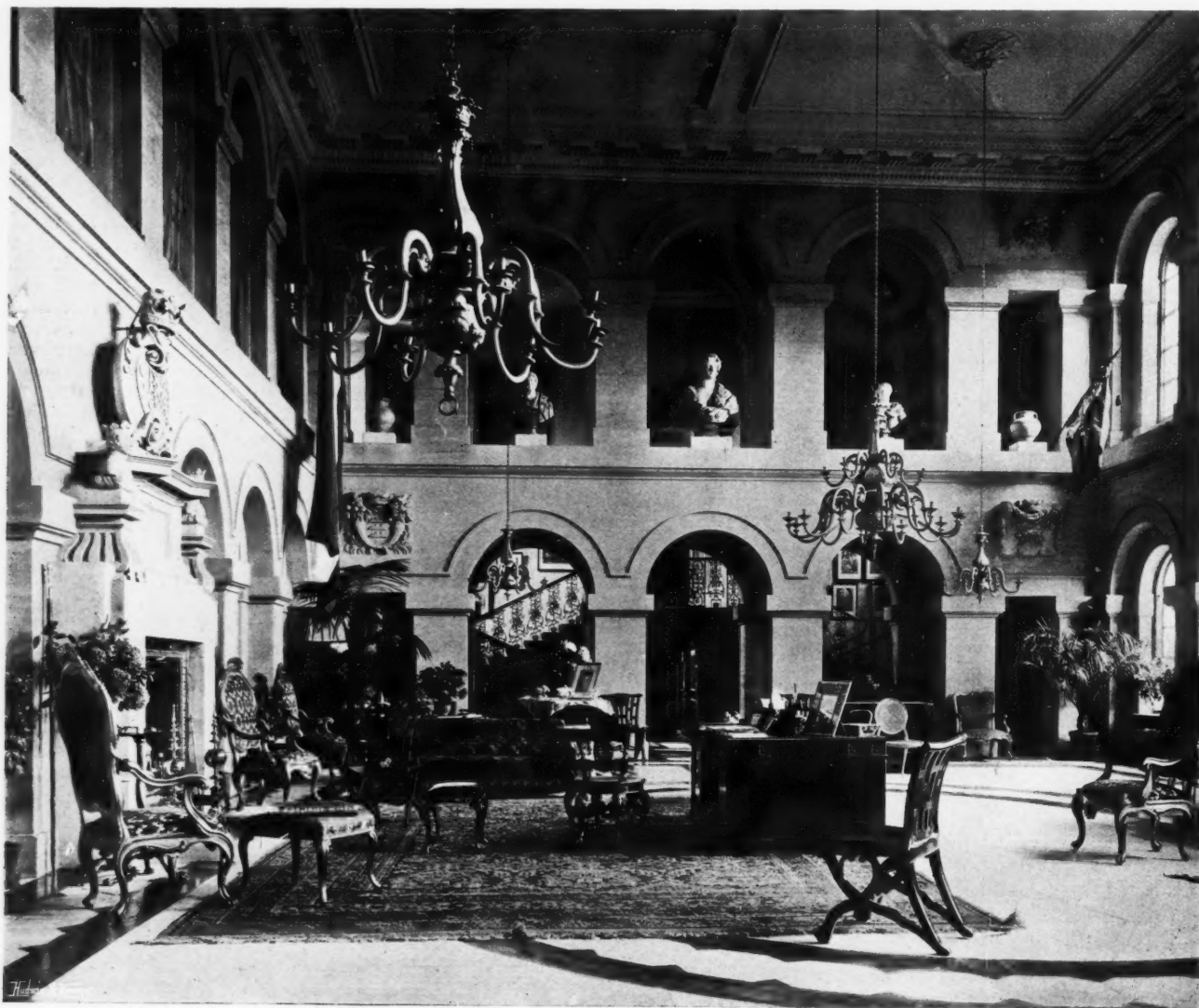
LACOCK: YE LION LANE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GRIMSTHORPE CASTLE is, undoubtedly, the greatest seat in all the broad shire of Lincoln, lying in the district "between the forest and the fen," associated by Kingsley with Hereward the Wake, for the mighty family of Wake was located hereabout. A venerable mediæval tower with vaulted chambers, long ranges of Tudor buildings, raised hastily, as Fuller avers, by Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, in order to welcome his brother-in-law the King, in the year 1541, and a great frontage and internal features from the hand of Sir John Vanbrugh—these are the characteristic elements of the vast and varied pile. The Duke of Suffolk had the lion's share of the monastic lands hereabout, and near the southern end of the lake at Grimsthorpe Park is the site of the Cistercian Abbey of Vaudey or Vallis Dei, which William Earl of Albemarle founded, and which came into his open hand. But Grimsthorpe was anciently a possession of the famous family of Willoughby, who were seated near Alford, and whose representative about the year 1300 married the heiress of Bek Baron of Eresby. The son of this Willoughby, created Lord Willoughby de Eresby, was the head of a

very long line, for the present Earl of Ancaster is the twenty-second Baron Willoughby, or the twenty-fifth, if baronesses be counted. The ninth lord wedded Mary de Salinas, maid of honour to Queen Katherine of Aragon, and was a great favourite of Henry VIII., who granted Grimsthorpe to him, that place being part of the forfeited estate of Lord Lovel. This lord's only daughter Catherine, who married Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk as his fourth wife, afterwards married Richard Bertie, M.P. for Lincoln, and the peerage passed to their son, Peregrine Bertie, as the eleventh baron. Since the time of Henry VIII. Grimsthorpe has always descended with the Barony of Eresby. It may be interesting here to say that the baroness nineteenth in the line married Peter Burrell, first Baron Gwydyr, in 1780, and that thus the two titles were for a time merged, but on the death of the third Baron Gwydyr (twenty-first Baron de Eresby) in 1870, that later peerage passed to a cousin, whilst the older barony was awarded, after a brief abeyance, to his elder sister, widow of the first Baron Aveland. That lady's son, the present peer, is thus a baron through both his father and mother, and he was created Earl of Ancaster in 1892. Grimsthorpe is but one



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THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE GREAT DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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of his possessions, for he has also Drummond Castle in Perthshire, and Normanton Park, Stamford, and possesses in all in the United Kingdom estates covering about 100,000 acres of land.

Grimsthorpe lies in the parish of Edenham, and in the church is a magnificent series of monuments, in which a large

are upon the east, south, and west fronts, and have the well-known features of the style, with embattlements and mullioned windows. The principal drawing-room is on the east side, while comparatively small but pleasant chambers look over the garden on the south, and others, on the west, over the lawn to the lake. The most recent portion of the



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CHIMNEY-PIECE IN GREAT DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

part of the history of this great family may be read. The Castle is, broadly speaking, quadrangular, and of the various dates which have been suggested. King John's Tower, that at the south-east angle, is the oldest portion of the structure, appearing to go back to the twelfth or early thirteenth century. It has vaulted rooms and a newel staircase, and presents all the appearance of antiquity. The Tudor portions of the structure

edifice is the north front, which was erected from the designs of Sir John Vanbrugh about the year 1720. It is very characteristic of his ponderous and sombre style, and recalls the punning epitaph which someone wrote for him:

"Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Vanbrugh's work has great ranges of round-headed windows,



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JAMES'S DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

flanked by coupled and filleted columns rising to pedestals for statuary, and at each end of the front are two very massive projecting structures of tower-like appearance, crested with balustrades. Before the house is a court, enclosed by an iron railing with a gateway tower. We thus see that the Castle is composite in features, and represents the tastes of successive ages. Leland says, in relation to the enlargement by the Duke of Suffolk: "The place of Grimsthorpe was no great thing afore the new building of the second court; yet was all the old work of stone, and the gatehouse was fair and strong, and the walls on each side of it embattled." He also speaks of the moat which surrounded the house for defensive purposes—the "great ditch"—which has disappeared. Thus to the ancient tower the Tudor structure was linked, and upon this was grafted the great north front of Vanbrugh. From the inner court outlines of the Tudor banqueting-hall, with oriels and projecting porch, can be seen.



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THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The principal feature of the interior is the great hall—an imposing apartment, with massive square columns supporting round arches, above which is a second arcade of similar character rising to the lofty roof, which is flat and divided into large panels. The floor is of stone, but there is a circle of black marble, giving a distinctive character, while a large Oriental carpet adds an appearance of comfort. Armorial achievements attached to the walls, historic flags, classic busts in varied

marbles, splendid chandeliers, and furniture in the taste of Louis XVI., are the features of this great apartment. A stone staircase rises at each end, separated from the hall by the arcades, and the chapel lies beyond with two entrances, one on the ground level and another from the balcony. The principal stairway leads up to the great apartments, and has a hand-rail of very fine hammered ironwork, with the coronet and cypher of a former possessor.

The state dining-room is a grand apartment of large size, and



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THE SECOND DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

lofty, adorned with magnificent Gobelins tapestry, which came into the possession of the Duke of Suffolk through his marriage with Henry's sister Mary, widow of Louis XII. of France. In one of our pictures some of this magnificent tapestry is very well seen, and it is still remarkably fresh in colour and perfect in texture. The pictures here are also interesting, and it will be noticed that there are several royal chairs. That which stands by the side of the fireplace was used at the coronation banquet of George IV. The royal arms are also upon much of the silver at Grimsthorpe.

Lord Ancaster is Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain, but holds the office jointly with the Marquess of Cholmondeley and Earl Carrington, the three peers exercising the functions alternately reign by reign. This high ceremonial office of state appears to have been conferred by Henry I. on the father of the first Earl of Oxford, and to have remained with that line for centuries, until the seventeenth Earl's heiress married the twelfth Baron Willoughby de Eresby, and their

son, the thirteenth Baron, established his claim to the appointment. Lord Cholmondeley came in through a marriage with a co-heiress, and in a similar way Lord Carrington came to share the honour. One of its privileges is that the coronation banquet chair and much of the plate fall to the holder, and so it is that Grimsthorpe Park possesses so many interesting royal objects.

The smaller dining-room is another fine apartment, with fluted pilasters, a handsome cornice, and much gilding, and there hangs over the mantel-piece a portrait, which is seen in our

picture, of the Earl of Lindsey, who was slain at Edgehill in 1642, while in command of the royal forces. Through the open doorway we look into the great dining-room, and, standing at that entrance, the whole suite of drawing-rooms may be seen, the effect being extremely fine. We shall not describe them, except to say that the second drawing-room, which we illustrate, is generally typical of their character. There is a beautiful chimney-piece of variegated marble, and the



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

window embrasure is about 6ft. deep, indicating that this room, adorned in the taste of France, is situated in the ancient part of Grimsthorpe Castle. Among the details in this room, the beautiful French clock on the splendid table will be noticed, and the collections of miniatures and small works of art are very beautiful. The pictures throughout the house are also interesting. They include portraits of Charles I. and his family by Vandyke, of Peregrine Lord Willoughby, and Montague Bertie by Vandyke, and there are several works by Reynolds. Older portraits by Holbein are also in the house. Indeed, Grimsthorpe is extremely interesting both structurally and by reason of its adornments. From its windows you look out on a scene in harmony with the building, a noble park set with chest-nuts and other great timber trees, a beautiful avenue, and herds of fallow deer resting in their shade, or moving under their "loose and melancholy boughs."

POULTRY-KEEPING ... FOR GIRLS.

THERE is no more delightful amusement for girls living in the country than the keeping of poultry. The management and rearing of chickens and ducks, etc., provide a continual source of interest, and plenty of work, as the business must be thoroughly gone into if success is to be attained. The work never grows monotonous, as there are always new birds growing up, and it is a great source of pleasure to watch the little birds changing from soft balls of fluff into fine sturdy chickens, and to know that it is the result of care and trouble on the part of the owner. Poultry-work is not work that can be taken up enthusiastically for a few weeks and then forgotten, it must be gone on with unceasingly if any good results are to be attained, and all through the year the birds require care and attention. The whole business, however, can quite well be taken in hand by girls, the only help that they will probably want being from the yard-man in the thorough cleaning out of the houses, which should be done at regular intervals. It is far more satisfactory for girls who intend going in for poultry-work on their own account to keep their fowls absolutely separate from those of the ordinary household, as otherwise confusion is inevitable; the hens and chickens get mixed up, and no one can tell positively whose are the eggs, or which hens are laying regularly.

It is better to start on a small scale, and gradually increase the number of fowls, as by so doing the owner gets thoroughly accustomed to the work, and finds it easier at the commencement of her training to manage a few instead of a large number.

The first requisite is a good run. Any plot of grass, the larger the better, in a sheltered position will do, but it must be fenced round and covered, both sides and top, with small-mesh wire-netting. This prevents rats, weasels, and other destructive animals from getting in. Rats and weasels are a terrible scourge to chicken rearers, and, unless great precautions are taken, make dreadful depredations among the flocks, often destroying whole broods in a night, and leaving a most desolate and terrible scene for the unhappy owner to find in the morning. If rats are numerous about the place where it is intended to keep chickens, the only way to protect the latter is to shut them up carefully every evening in different coops, and so keep them safe from all possible chance of attack. These coops can be made with a framework of light wood, and wire-netting round the sides and over the top, one end being made to open and shut as a door, and will be found most convenient for many purposes, as they are so light that they can easily be carried about from place to place.

In one corner of the run should be a dust bath for the hens, made of cinders, ashes, scrapings of mud, etc., as if they get accustomed to the habit of using this bath daily their coats will

be found to be much cleaner and healthier. At the end of the run a small house should be erected, divided into two partitions, one provided with perches for roosting and the other well supplied with nests for the laying hens. Another smaller house can also be made for the sitting hens, as it is advisable to keep them separate from the other fowls. The nests must be kept well supplied with fresh, clean hay, and for a sitting hen the nest should be made in the following manner: First a large grass sod to make a firm foundation, then hay on the top of the sod, and one or two bricks round the sides to keep the nest in place and the eggs from falling out.

As a beginning, Plymouth Rocks, Minorcas, Brahmas, and Dorkings will be found good all-round fowls, and afterwards any special breed can be selected at pleasure. Plymouth Rocks,



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THE MUSIC BALCONY AT GRIMSTHORPE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Minorcas, and Dorkings are excellent laying hens, and if properly fed and cared for will lay practically all the year round. The great secret in making hens lay all the year round is to feed them properly. They do not want a quantity of food at a time, but a fair amount at regular intervals, and that food carefully prepared. Scraps from the house, potatoes, bread, and meal can be mixed up together, but in the winter months the food should be given hot, and in wet weather a little hemp seed occasionally is an excellent thing. Also green food should be given once or twice a week, and a little chopped-up meat. Begin to set hens as early as possible in the spring. An ordinary setting consists of thirteen eggs, but it depends chiefly on the size of the hen, and if there are not enough eggs on the premises, be sure and buy them from some reliable person, otherwise disappointment will be the result. The best time of day to set a hen is the evening, and, if possible, she should be kept at a little distance from the other fowls. Food and water should be given her at regular times, and the door of her nest left open for a short period each day, to allow of her going out for a little fresh air and exercise. The eggs for a setting must be perfectly fresh and not too thin shelled, as they are more liable to break. Chicken's and bantam's eggs take three weeks to hatch, turkey's and duck's one month. These are the approximate times, but occasionally one or two

of the eggs will come out a little sooner, or, perhaps, take a day or two longer. For the first two days after the chickens come out finely-crumbled bread is the best food; after that finely-chopped hard-boiled egg, mixed with bread-crumbs. In a week or so meal can be given, stirabout, or bread soaked in hot water until quite soft. Green food is also excellent, such as chopped lettuce or cabbage, and plenty of clean fresh water is necessary. For young turkeys chopped nettles and chives mixed with their food will be found a good thing.

The chief disease to which young chickens and turkeys are liable is the "pip" or "gapes." This is caused by a bacillus pecked up out of the grass, which gets into their throats and causes a choking sensation. They open their mouths, gasp, and, if not relieved, die of suffocation. One of the best cures for this disease is kalydé, a powder sold in tins, and the best way to administer it is as follows: Place the chickens in a box covered over with a cloth, put a saucer of the powder in the bottom of the box, and then blow hard into the box with a pair of bellows. This remedy sounds severe, but it is not so in reality, and, on the contrary, is excellent. The blowing of the bellows raises a cloud of dust, and the chickens are forced to breathe it in, while the fumes of the kalydé kill and destroy the bacilli in their throats. The pip is a terrible disease, as it is very infectious, and exceedingly hard to eradicate from the ground.

Ducks are much easier to rear than chickens, as they want scarcely any attention, and are perfectly contented so long as they have plenty of fresh water. They have, however, very large appetites, and require more food, barley and meal, than chickens. Young ducklings let loose in a garden will be found most useful in destroying slugs and insects, and they do very little damage to the plants. Turkeys are the most difficult to rear, as they are very delicate, and catch cold easily in damp weather. One must be prepared to devote a considerable portion of time and trouble to one's poultry if they are to be a success, but the trouble will be amply repaid by the pleasure of watching them grow and develop. Absolute cleanliness in houses, run, and feeding dishes is one of the great necessities, and another is plenty of good food and clean water.

MARY E. L. HEZLET.

THE WHITE STORK.

THE white stork, like a few other species, such as the purple heron and the great reed-warbler, carefully avoids crossing the Channel. A migratory bird throughout Europe, it comes as far as North Germany, Holland, Sweden, and Denmark, but no farther, the occurrence of the white stork in England being a very rare event, and it has never, I think, nested with us, even in bygone times. The reception met with



R. B. Lodge. ON A CART-WHEEL (HOLLAND). Copyright

by the few storks which do visit this inhospitable country of ours proves, if proof were wanted, that this avoidance on their part is

wise. The only effectual bird preservation here is that in a glass case, and those who arrive here never have an opportunity of prolonging their visit, let alone coming again. This is a pity, for the stork is an exceedingly handsome bird, and a pleasing addition to the landscape. He is big, conspicuous, dignified in his demeanour, perfectly friendly in disposition, and ready to accept any invitation to nest on buildings if only a place is made to receive the great platform of sticks which serves for a nest. The treatment he receives varies in different countries; in some he is tolerated and unmolested, being a useful scavenger and locust eater; in



R. B. Lodge. ON A DANISH ROOF. Copyright

others he is carefully protected and cherished. Spain is an example of the first method of treatment. Going up the Guadalquivir to Seville, one notices many storks standing on their nests on farm buildings and stacks, and in Seville itself there are several nests on churches, and one on a tower in the public gardens; but I never saw any special accommodation reserved for their benefit. In the pine forests throughout Andalusia you may see their great nests on the flat summit of the pines, and I found these forest-breeding storks very shy and wary and difficult to approach. On one occasion I was much interested in watching from a hiding-place in very tall bracken a large flock of about fifty storks all feeding in a marsh. For over an hour I watched the great birds stalking solemnly about, till, disturbed by a passing herdsman, they all took to flight.

In Holland, where, by the by, they are not nearly so numerous as is popularly supposed, their nests are generally on the summit of a tall post put up on purpose for them, on which is fixed an old cart-wheel. A Dutch gentleman of my acquaintance has one such post in his grounds within sight of his library window, but he improves on the cart-wheel by having an iron framework for the reception of the nest. The first year it was put up, towards



R. B. Lodge. ON THE FEEDING GROUNDS. Copyright

the end of June, a solitary young stork used to come daily and carefully inspect this framework. I saw him there myself one day standing in the empty receptacle, exactly like a would-be Benedict inspecting an empty house, contemplating the view, and wondering if the drains are all right. The verdict was, apparently, approval, for next season saw it duly occupied by the newly-wedded pair. Their power of wing is very fine, and on hot days I have watched them ascending in spiral circles, hardly moving their broad black wings, till they have looked no bigger than flies in the blue vault of Heaven. After the young are hatched they appear to be suspicious of one another, and unwilling to leave the nest unguarded. Storks have no voice; the only noise they make is "klappering," snapping their great red mandibles rapidly and loudly. Thus they greet one another, generally by throwing back the head until the upper mandible rests on the back; but occasionally "klappering" is performed with the head and bill in the ordinary position.

But Denmark is the country which is specially favoured by these fine-looking birds. In the towns you may see many nests on the buildings in close proximity to one another, and the birds themselves feed unconcernedly in the meadows and roadside fields. In the country nearly every farmhouse—and there almost every house is a farmhouse—has a place made for the storks' benefit in the gable end of the thatched roof. And they are generally occupied.

A friend of mine, seeing a ladder near a farm building, on the roof of which was the usual stork's nest, asked permission to go up and look at the nest. Of no avail, however, for the very emphatic refusal from the farmer quite forbade any further requests.

We heard of several cases of storks which, from weakness or some such cause, had remained throughout the winter instead of taking their departure to warmer climes with the rest of the

family. The usual plan seems to be for the stork to take up his quarters in the stable among the cows. Whether this is done voluntarily, or the storks are caught and kept there, I was unable to determine, though I understood that the action was voluntary. One case of a wounded stork which was provided by some humane person with a wooden leg made out of a broomstick was related to me by the Consul. It may be true. I certainly believed it at the time, for my informant was a most venerable gentleman, who would not, I think, be guilty of hoaxing a foreigner. This bird, I was told, migrated with the rest, but I do not know whether he lived to revisit the land of his birth.

One house belonging to a Danish nobleman had the record number of twenty occupied storks' nests on the house, farm buildings, and outhouses, which were very extensive. It was a fine sight to see so many storks standing about and flying up with great beakfuls of dry grass for lining their nests, or an occasional *bonne bouche* in the shape of a fat frog for their wives. We were told by the owner that they always ejected the first egg, and on one nest we could see with the glass an egg caught among the outside sticks, which had prevented it from rolling down the roof on to the ground.

My friend, after asking permission, succeeded in climbing up the thatched roof and securing this egg for his collection. I was promised the opportunity of photographing the interior of a nest from a window close by, but unfortunately our short stay was so fully occupied that it came to an end all too soon, and I was obliged to rush off to the station without a chance of doing it.

Our fortnight's visit was, in fact, too short to allow of each locality having anything like justice done to it, after deducting the necessary time spent in travelling, in spite of our selecting the night trains whenever possible, and some localities known to be fruitful in bird life had to be left out of our programme altogether from sheer lack of time.



Lodge. ON THE GROUND. Copyright



Lodge. A NEST IN SEVILLE. Copyright

CHAMOIS-SHOOTING IN THE ALPS.

AGENERATION ago one often heard the old proverb that grimly emphasised the dangers of chamois-stalking, *i.e.*, that chamois-hunters' bones made the grass grow greenest. In those old muzzle-loading days my favourite sport was a much rougher pastime than it is to-day, for there were fewer chamois, rifles did not shoot so far or so "fast" as do modern Mannlicher or Mauser repeaters, and game was, as a rule, more wary.

Chamois-poaching, described so attrac-



GOOD CHAMOIS GROUND AT HINTER RISS.

tively by Boner and other writers of the middle of the last century, has become very much a thing of the past, for it is becoming a general practice to preserve for the benefit of chamois great tracts of wild uplands, valueless for any other purpose; and in favoured districts of Austria rents that approach those of Scotch deer forests are willingly paid.

Chamois-stalkers of the peasant class were, as a rule, a short-lived race; the privations and extreme hardships incidental to this



From a painting CHAMOIS AT HOME. By Pausinger.

rough sport told even on their iron constitutions, and lung troubles often cut short lives that had escaped death on the mountains themselves. A certain remote Tyrolean valley, where thirty years ago a rather curious winter adventure befell me and more than a score of peasant companions, was revisited by me last year. Of the twenty-five men, most about my own age, who had been with me on that winter expedition in 1873, I was startled to find only a single man was still fit for sport, and all but three had made their particular patch of grass grow green, while the man who acted last year as my *träger*, or bearer—for I am beyond that foolish age when to carry a heavy *rucksack* or heavier chamois is bliss—was my departed crony's lusty son, who had also already a "bua" of his own.

But all this refers to a kind of sport which few Englishmen have tried, viz., stalking in unreserved ground, where you are necessarily matching yourself against the native hunter, inured from his youth to hardship, and who knows the ground better than his pocket. Very different, indeed, is chamois-shooting in well-preserved ground. There game is not only far more plentiful, but it is also far less wary, for do not keen-eyed and vigilant sons of the soil keep conscientious guard over their *protégés*? Rarely does the poacher, with blackened face, dare to let off in such carefully-guarded ground his short-barrelled rifle (usually of the sort that can be taken apart and stowed away about the man's person), and the larger the preserved area of mountain land grows the harder it becomes for these marauders to escape detection.

With increased rents more comfortable quarters have become the rule, and though in no case that I know of are Austrian lodges fitted up in the ultra-luxurious manner that nowadays seems inseparable from such-like quarters in the Scotch Highlands, they are usually furnished at least with the needful—with whitewashed walls, uncarpeted but specklessly clean floors, and plain deal furniture. And what more does a keen sportsman want in these remote solitudes? With exceptionally comfortable shooting quarters the present article proposes to make the reader acquainted.

The Hinter Riss in Tyrol was the sportsman's Eldorado, created by one of the keenest royal sportsmen of the Victorian era, Duke Ernest of Coburg, uncle of the late Duke of Edinburgh, the latter inheriting it on the former's death in 1893. As the Duke of Edinburgh's only son predeceased his sailor father, the present young Duke of Coburg is the lucky possessor of this choice shooting estate. But as he does not come into his properties in Austria and into his German dukedom till his twenty-first birthday, a large portion of the Hinter Riss was last year let to English sportsmen.

As I had shot there many a time in the old Duke's days, when the place was one of the most perfect mountain shoots

that existed anywhere, the chance of revisiting the well-known mountains once more, after an interval of nearly twenty years, had special interest for me. That the head of game is to-day no longer what it was a score of years ago is natural enough, for the old Duke spent vast sums on his beloved stags, the winter hay alone costing over £3,000 per annum; and as the Duke of Edinburgh found it necessary to cut down expenses, the deer were the first to feel the hard times, and were thinned down very considerably, while the small army of keepers were reduced to a minimum consonant with security from poachers. Unlike the red deer, who in exposed districts fail to survive the hardships of Alpine winters without supplies of hay, the head of chamois in the Hinter Riss has suffered but a slight decrease, and this only in consequence of a disease that ran its fell course through that part of the Alps some half-dozen years ago. This, together with the fact that of late years but comparatively few chamois had been shot, resulted in our bagging a fine lot of old bucks with heads rather beyond the average. Among the eighty-eight chamois killed by five guns in six weeks there were four quite A1 trophies, an 11½ in. and a 10½ in. head being among them. When recently measured at Rowland Ward's, the 11½ in. head taped only 11 in., the differences being accounted for by the usual shrinkage. Probably the bearer of this trophy was also the oldest beast that had been shot in the Hinter Riss for years, for not only were his teeth black and worn down and his head grey, but from constant rubbing against trees he had worn his horns in front right through to the bone core in a manner I have never seen before among a good many thousands of chamois heads I have examined. This buck was altogether a remarkable beast in character as well as in appearance. He was shot in the very first drive we had in the Hinter Riss. On that occasion I had the topmost but one stand, my wife accompanying me to my post, it being a lady's day—i.e., very little climbing. My post commanded a steepish ravine, the rifle above me being at the top of it, a space of some three hundred yards separating us. My post was not quite to my liking, for it was a typical snap-shot stand, not a yard of almost clear ground permitting steady aim at such quick-moving beasts as are chamois when in full flight, and, what was worse, the sun was right in one's eyes.

Soon after the beginning of the drive had been signalled by a far-away shot on the top of the ridge above, I perceived a chamois warily approaching my neighbour above me, but before the latter could catch a glimpse of him the buck had winded him, and came tearing down the ravine as if intending to charge my post. I do not think I ever remember seeing a chamois going faster than that beast did, and he was on me almost before I had time to step in front of my wife, who was sitting



THE AUTHOR'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF HINTER RISS.

reading, unaware up to that moment of the oncoming rush. Indeed, had it not been for that movement of mine he would have run over us, as occasionally occurs when thoroughly frightened chamois charge beaters—often in dangerous places, when other means of escape are cut off. In this case, however, there was nothing of the kind, for the buck could have made off in any direction he pleased. I knocked him over, when he had passed us, at a distance of three yards, but the ground being steep the body rolled down the slope, and was soon hidden by bushes which dotted the ravine. Half-an-hour later I suddenly saw a chamois cautiously peering up at me from behind a bush, but nowhere near the place whither the buck had rolled. A hasty scrutiny with the glass showed that it was a buck with big horns, and the Mannlicher .256 expanding bullet appeared to have hit the approaching beast in the right place, for my wife was positive that she saw him turn up his legs and tumble. But as the sun, shining brightly, was dead in my eyes, I had not seen him fall. In the ensuing hour only a scrub lot of does and kids with a few young bucks, at which I did not shoot, came my way, and I thought the drive was over, for the beaters were already quite close, when their frantic shouts "A bock! a bock!" made me turn the cocking bolt of my Mannlicher, and sure enough a third buck had suddenly jumped into sight, and was running towards my stand. I knocked him over at a distance of about thirty yards, not far from the spot where the second buck had turned up his toes. As some of the beaters were close to the spot, I had to shoot carefully, for on shelving rock these high-velocity missiles are only too apt to glance. This time the beast fell in his tracks, and I rushed down, not only to look at the trophy, but to show the beaters where the other two bucks lay.

"We can't find either of the other bucks, Gnädiger Herr," was presently shouted up to me. "Nonsense; they are lying near yonder bushes," I cried, as I joined the men, who were searching in every direction for the missing quarry. We searched in vain for upwards of half-an-hour, and had given it up, when on one of the beaters picking up my only victim I noticed blood oozing out of the chest of the beast, by no means the place where I had hit him. A speedy examination disclosed the astonishing fact that he had not one but all three of my bullets in him. It was one and the same buck!

How to explain the persistency with which he had again and again attempted to force his way past my stand would be as difficult as to account for his extreme tenacity to life, for the Mannlicher bullet, if of the right sort, as mine were, and placed anywhere in front of the centre ribs, usually doubles them up the instant it strikes them. It is a puzzle to me to this day.

Last season I had to take for the first time to the telescopic sights, the middle sight on the barrel being "hazed" to such a degree that I could no longer use the rifle without the cumbersome telescope. At first I missed practically every running shot I attempted, some as close as ten and twenty yards, but gradually I got used to the instrument, and by the end of the season did better than I had ever done without it. On my last day on the mountains (in Styria) I bagged five beasts stalking (during the height of the chamois rut in November), and as I had done fairly well on the previous days, my record of stalking and killing twelve chamois consecutively without a miss was one I need not be ashamed of. But for my missing earlier in the season, my score for 1902 of fifty-two stags and chamois would certainly have exceeded three score. I mention these trivial details to show that the ravages of Anno Domini need not discourage "long-sighted" fellow-sufferers; practice soon gets over the awkwardness of peering through the 8in. telescope, impossible as it seems at first to centre the cross-lines of a spider's web on a galloping stag or fleetly-running chamois. At game in repose these aids assist to a wonderful extent, for with a three or four magnifying-power glass (glasses with higher power are not advisable, for they reduce the field and are darker to look through) I got more chamois at 400yds. than I did formerly at 250yds. or 300yds. Somewhat unfair to game as I consider these adventitious aids in the hands of those whose eyesight is good, they are in cases like mine the only means of postponing the evil day when the rifle has to be laid aside for good and all, ordinary spectacles being of no earthly use.

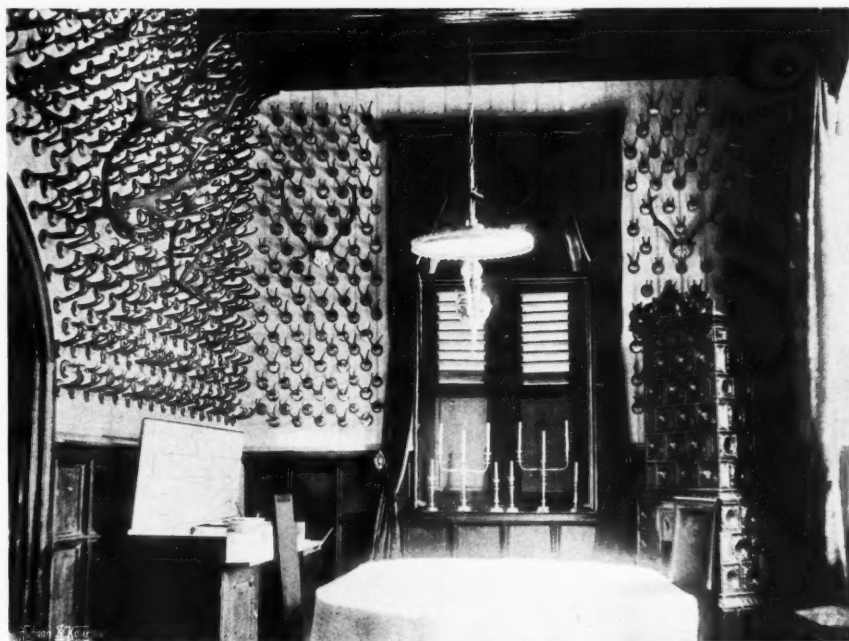
The headquarters, or central lodge, in the Hinter Riss is a delightful little castle built in the forties by Duke Ernest, and though its style—the early Victorian Gothic of Balmoral—sacrifices comfort to picturesqueness, it has probably seen during the half century that the old Duke reigned there more pleasant reunions of sportsmen than most places of its sort.

A line, in conclusion, regarding the picture of chamois "at home." Like the picture recently illustrating an article on chamois-shooting in these pages (*COUNTRY LIFE*, November 1st, 1902), it is by the hand of Pausinger, who with every right can claim to be the Austrian Landseer of this particular species of mountain game. Nobody can touch this Salzburg painter in his rock or snow scenery. It has always seemed strange to me that this master has remained so entirely unknown among English connoisseurs and sportsmen; the only specimens by his hand that I know of in England are the two originals of the present picture and of the one in the article already alluded to. They have been lately bought by Mr. Hamilton Leigh of Matcham's Park, Ringwood, and are pictures which might well be exhibited on a suitable occasion in London. As I do not know Herr von Pausinger personally, my remarks are untinted by other than artistic considerations.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

THE M.C.C.'S TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA.

NOW that the team is practically settled, a few words of comment may not be out of place. I write "practically," because at the time of writing John Gunn's acceptance has not been announced officially, though it is assumed that he will say yes; but a short time ago a member of both the Notts and M.C.C. committees declared that it was very doubtful if he would or could go, as he had just opened a very promising business that required his personal



DINING-ROOM IN THE CASTLE OF HINTER RISS.

Adorned with 1,600 trophies.

supervision, and I gathered that it was the knowledge of this that had prevented the promoters from asking him before, but the surmise may have been wrong. If he can and does go, he will certainly be a tower of strength should his Australian form be as brilliant as his English. Like Braund, Hirst, and Arnold he has scored over 1,000 runs and taken more than 100 wickets, whilst Rhodes, having got 143 wickets and 899 runs, is more than likely to pull off the same feat. There will thus be no lack of all-round men in the side, and in addition to these are Fielder and Relf, bowlers pure and simple, with some help forthcoming from Bosanquet, wherefore of attack there is abundance; whether it is adapted to Australian conditions is another question. The wicket-keeping is in the excellent hands of Lilley and Strudwick, of whom Lilley may be expected to get some runs; he has had Australian experience, and has made his mark out there as a batsman. The batsmen, pure and simple, are Warner, the captain, Foster, Hayward, and Tyldesley. If I had been the selection committee—and thank heaven I wasn't!—I would sooner have had H. K. Foster than his brother, and either Denton, Iremonger, or Hayes than Hayward, as the Surrey man is not too energetic in the field; but he has the pull over the others in the fact that he has made many good runs and played many good innings on Australian wickets. Of course the only exception that can be taken to R. E. Foster's selection is the fact that he has played but little first-class cricket either this year or last year, but he is full of batting of the very best, if he can only reproduce his form of 1900 and 1901, while his fielding at slip is, or was, perfection; but even for fielding practice is all-important. I am also a little doubtful about Relf, but having seen little of his bowling do not presume to criticise a man whose bowling has been enthusiastically praised by such judges as Fry and Ranjitsinhji, and only hope he will merit their encomiums. There is also a rumour, by the way, that Knight may be asked to go as a fifteenth man; if rumour is right, his patience should be invaluable, especially as he combines ample scoring powers with patience, though



Miss E. F. T. Morris.

A NOISE OF DUCKS.

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he is master of but few strokes; anything loose on the off side, however, may be expected to go to the boundary, or to hurt somebody's hands in the stopping of it. He is also a very neat and sure field, as, indeed, is every member of the side with the one exception already hinted at. The team, as a team, is a thoroughly good one in all departments; whether it can beat the powerful Australians in combination is a question that will be answered hereafter, but it ought to be more than a match for any individual State if the men keep their health and form and take proper care of themselves.

The people and papers who love to "crab" everything have been saying and writing all sorts of evil things about the M.C.C. Many amateur critics and "lions of the Press" have found fault with everything and everybody, and suggest sides that could beat any given eleven out of the selected of the Marylebone Club. No side, of course, is representative of England that lacks Fry and Maclaren, Jackson and Ranjitsinhji, and for various reasons none of these is going; nor could Palairt, Dowson, Martyn, or Jessop accept. In fact, the M.C.C. have gone through the usual experience of those who "get up" sides—they have issued far more invitations than they had places to fill, knowing that they would get some 50 per cent. of refusals. It has been suggested that some of these refusals would not have been sent had a different captain been appointed. I do not believe that, with one exception, any single refusal is due to this cause, knowing something, as I do, of the private reasons that have influenced several of those who have declined. In other points the M.C.C. have followed the usual course in the order of selection; the captain is taken first, then the wicket-keeper and the chief bowlers; the batsmen are selected later, and have no cause to be affronted because they are not the first to be asked. The delicate question of the captaincy needs no further handling; the M.C.C. settled on the captain first of all, and, as the promoters of the tour, they have very properly exercised their right of selecting whom they chose. I have not the least doubt that Warner will handle his side off the field with as much kindly tact as he will manoeuvre them in the actual field. I trust he will insist on two things, and give orders that there is to be no writing in Australian newspapers or magazines by members of his side till the tour is over. Much harm was done and ill-feeling caused by such action during the last trip. I hope, too, that he will forbid all interviews, which, sometimes because they are "faked," are as injurious as letters and papers. If he permits these things, I hope he will act as censor, or appoint a trusty henchman in his stead. The team is going out under the auspices of the M.C.C.; consequently, one trusts that the M.C.C.'s rules will be strictly observed in the general matters of the follow-on and of no-balling from the square-leg umpire, if no-balling unhappily becomes necessary. But there can be no harm done by suspending such rules as do not affect the morale of the game, and by allowing the Australian regulations to prevail as to rolling the wickets, and providing a fresh ball after 200 runs have been made off the old one.

I have only one serious fault to find with the "Annals of Lord's and History of the M.C.C.," by Mr Alfred D. Taylor (Arrowsmith and Co.), and that is the absence of an index, for which a fairly full table of contents is but a poor substitute. Mr. Taylor treats the matter *ab origine*, giving us the full history of the club as far as it can be ascertained, and various

interesting details of cricket "as she was played" in earlier days. Of course, much of the information is not entirely new, but it is collected and presented in a highly readable form. There are a few slips here and there, which are of small consequence in so good a work; there are some interesting and amusing photographs from prints, including likenesses of the last three secretaries.

W. J. FORD.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

UNDERLYING the external frivolity of the age in which we live there is, undoubtedly, an almost passionate seriousness in regard to the one great question that has interested mankind since mankind was capable of giving expression to its doubt and hope. It is, whether the world we live in be only a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" or a piece of divine architecture. The early effects of the doctrine of evolution, as worked out by Darwin and Herbert Spencer, were to favour a materialistic answer. Those who went through the controversial fray of the sixties and seventies have little patience with the search for a "vital principle." Lord Kelvin made a celebrated speech at Edinburgh, in which he said that "science positively affirmed creative power. Science made everyone feel a miracle in himself. It was not in dead matter that they lived and moved and had their being, but in the creative and directive power which science compelled them to accept as an article of belief." He was sharply taken to task by Professor Ray Lankester and others of the same school. *Doubts about Darwinism*, by a Semi-Darwinian (Longmans), is a corroboration of this view of Lord Kelvin's. The author deals with the controversies that have arisen out of the "Origin of Species." The first part of the book relates to spontaneous generation. Evidently this is the only feasible alternative to creative power. Either life came into being from natural causes or it was a gift of the supernatural. Our author's argument is directed against Dr. Haeckel, who, carrying out the theories of Darwin, has emphatically rejected the idea of God, and substituted for it that of spontaneous generation in his well-known book "The Riddle of the Universe," published in 1899. Here he lays it down that thousands of other planets are passing through the same experience which the earth has passed through, and which, he says, "makes it possible that when carbon has entered into the same combinations on those planets as it has done on our earth, and that from its nitrogenous compounds protoplasm has been evolved," then life on that planet will resume its history. But "Semi-Darwinian" shows that under no

conditions persisting in our world has life ever been, to man's knowledge, produced in this way; no combination of heat and moisture which we know of, or even can imagine, could bring it into existence, and no chemical combination has produced anything at all approaching to it. In regard to the last contention, substances are divided into classes, those which may have formed an active part in the organisation, and others, principally the waste of the tissues which have done their part and are dead. It is the latter that chemists have been successful with, that is to say, they have made urea, alcohol, and acetic acid. Then, again, the cell theory put into Virchow's maxim, "*Omnis Cellula e cellula*," is "a positive denial of the production of cells spontaneously." According to our present state of knowledge it must be admitted that the critic here makes his argument good. The development of intelligence out of inorganic matter is unthinkable.

Next our author takes up the subject of consciousness, the greatest, as we think, of all mysteries. He shows that thought and feeling do not occupy space or move in space as atoms do, and he asks the reader, to whom this may appear paradoxical, to try and speak of a thought and feeling in terms of space, to say, for instance, "I have a pain seven inches long." This will at once show the incongruity of attempting to express feelings in terms of space. He goes into the question very fully with the help of the late Professor Tyndall, Professor Drummond, Du Bois Reymond, and others. The force of his argument will be apparent from the following quotation:

"If the reader will take a piece of white paper, scatter upon it a number of grains of sand or flour very thinly, take care to make the intervals between every two grains far larger than the grains, he will then have some idea of what his brain is, according to Boscovitch; and perhaps he may then understand my difficulty in conceiving how a million of points so scattered can have one thought, one feeling, one pain."

The next subject dealt with is the idea of peopling the earth by an aerolite, which is dismissed quite properly as a theory too absurd to need serious refutation. This completes the first part of the book.

The second part begins with the mystery of reproduction. It is clear that the first living creatures which appeared on the earth must have been gifted with the faculty of reproducing themselves, or they would have immediately died out; and in the amœba, the first of living things, this was done by fissure, but as the structure of animals became more complicated a considerable part of the body in the higher vertebrata was devoted to reproduction and furnished with a system of structures

capable of producing the young animal. The materialistic theory is that the body of the mother does not take any part in the manufacture of the young beyond supplying the raw material. If we take the case of a hen's egg, where the young is walled off from the mother by means of a shell, and therefore can gain nothing but warmth from her, we get our mystery in its simplest terms. No analysis of which science is capable can discover in the new-laid egg the framework of the bird that is to be, yet when that creature emerges from its shell it already possesses a certain intelligence, though we get over the fact by naming it instinct. But the question is, how does that little chick know that a certain feeling in its stomach can be relieved by its pecking food? Of course it is exactly the same with the human infant. It too comes from an egg, and in the course of its progress from the mother's womb to the age of an adult it passes through a great number at least of the changes which science has discovered in the development of life itself. Biologists have ascertained by dissection all the stages through which the embryo passes till it comes into the world complete and alive. For long enough it has not the light of manhood upon it, but is indistinguishable from the young of certain allied species. To say that it makes this journey from formless existence to the height of human intelligence without any guide, merely by an automatic process, is to insult reason, since it would be against all that has been observed and thought out in regard to what comes within our sphere of knowledge. So again the care for offspring is itself a miracle. No property of matter that we can imagine would cause one piece of dust to care for and cherish and foster another piece of dust that had sprung from it. In the love of motherhood, in all love, there is something which, if not divine, at least passes beyond what we conceive to be merely material. Our author puts the case very fairly and reasonably in his well-written pages.

COUNTRY COTTAGES.

IT is not often that we have the pleasure of showing a cottage with a draw-well in it. In these days of efficient water supplies, when almost the humblest house has its own tap, it seems almost prehistoric to see within the kitchen such a well as is to be found in old village gardens. Yet the housewife must have found it very convenient in wet and wintry weather, when going to the well meant painful exposure; and, even as



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

A KITCHEN WITH A WELL IN IT.

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regards the question of cleanliness, a well within the house is more likely to be kept pure and uncontaminated than one in the garden, although a great deal of unnecessary alarm has frequently been raised on this point. The earth is so excellent a filter that if surface water has to pass through it it will generally be purified, and it is a notorious fact that many wells in the close neighbourhood of churchyards are perfectly wholesome. In other respects, the kitchen we show is a very fine one. It seems to have been built, as old farm kitchens mostly were, to serve as a dining-place as well as a room for cooking in. On many farms in the Midlands, particularly in Cheshire, it is still

limits. Red deer range widely, and they are wasteful feeders in a field of young wheat or turnips. But West Countrymen love the sport for itself, and are shrewd enough to know how much money it draws to the neighbourhood. There are, indeed, two ways of regarding stag-hunting, according to our tastes. To some people it is one of the most delightful of picnics, with a flavour of sport thrown in; to others it is one of the most scientific of sports. Compared to the hunting of the red deer all other forms of the chase are simple and easy. It is true that you can see the deer more easily, and that he leaves a strong scent, far less fleeting and fitful than that of the fox or the hare. Hounds laid on the foil of a stag can often run him after an hour or more has elapsed. Yet in spite of all this the stag is one of the most difficult animals to hunt successfully to his death. It



J. Gale.

AN ENGLISH HAMLET.

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customary for the men to have their food with the master, who sits at the top of the table and carves for them, and this practice is more common during harvest than at any other time of the year. Such a kitchen as that before us might well have been built to suit this purpose. Our other illustration is a plain wayside cottage. It is part of a very pleasant hamlet, of which there is enough in the picture to suggest the rest. We see a little further off a thatched house and a railed footpath leading up the side of what we may call, for convenience sake, the village street. The whole combines into a very characteristic view of English country life, and seems almost to invite one by its air of rest and tranquillity to linger in this neighbourhood.

EXMOOR AND STAG-HUNTING.

VERY much wider is the choice given to the stag-hunter nowadays than of old. When I first began to join in the chase of the wild red deer the stags were few and the herds widely scattered. In Mr. Bissett's time we often released a stag captured unhurt. The Hunt could not afford to kill every time they went out. But the antiquity, the old-world customs, and the picturesqueness of stag-hunting have made our Devon and Somerset meets among the sights of the world. The season too is in the height of holiday-time, and the country is one of the most beautiful in England. There is no wonder that the romance, and, no less, that the excellence of the sport, attracts thousands. From all parts of the world men gather to Exmoor, and when one writes of the Hunt, one is sure of a responsive interest from people all over the world. Luckily, with the growth of stag-hunting in popularity has come also a widening of the area over which it can be enjoyed. Carefully preserved, the herd of deer which was once barely sufficient for two days a week has increased in numbers and spread over a district so much wider than of old that now we have four packs where there used to be but one, and there are often nine or ten fixtures in the week where there used to be but two. Even with all this additional hunting it is difficult to keep the deer within

requires skill to harbour him; it is hard sometimes to separate him from the herd, for after all he often finds a substitute. English foxhounds—and our staghounds are only big foxhounds—have many virtues, but they are apt to change readily from one scent to another. The French hound is far steadier to the line of the hunted animal, and this is a quality on which in the standard works on hunting in France much stress is laid. On the other hand, the steadiness and handiness of the tufters of an English pack are very notable, and on them depends much of the day's sport. Flyhounds or wild hounds do not make tufters. Steady hounds with deep voices that will stop at a rate or a crack of the thong are what is wanted. The intelligence they show is often great. On the whole the foxhound is as superior to other hounds (even the old staghound now extinct) in stag-hunting as he is in all other forms of hunting. Of the foxhound we may say that he hunts the otter better than the otter-hound, the hare better than the harrier, and the stag better than the staghound. This is not only on account of his fine nose, but because of his true shape. The modern foxhound's shoulders and feet are almost perfect for hard and fast work. In one matter only he sometimes fails, and that is in tongue.

The opening fixture of 1903 was a brilliant one from the picnickers' point of view. For sport, a cooler, cloudier day would have been better, perhaps. From every direction they came on foot, on horseback, and in carriages of every description. There were bicyclists even, though Exmoor is certainly but little suited to the wheel. Before the hunt began there was a meeting to receive the resignation of Mr. Sanders, who has hunted the wide territory of the Devon and Somerset (some thirty miles by fifty) successfully since 1895. The resignation of the Master of the Stag-hounds is a serious matter. To hunt so wide a country three, and often four, days in the week requires a large pack. To keep up a pack of hounds which can be recruited only from drafts—a few, very few, hounds are bred at Exford—is no easy matter. At least fifty or sixty couple are needed, for casualties are frequent, distances are long, and the rough ground and steep hills soon find out the weak points of a hound. Horses, too, are hard-worked, and a fairly strong stud in every respect is needed. The post, though in some respects an enviable one, is not easy, and needs constitution and enthusiasm. Some of us are rather inclined to grudge Mr. Sanders to politics, though we are willing to believe that seven seasons of the Devon and Somerset may be no bad training. I am not going to speculate on the future of the Hunt; just now it is more important to see that the saddles are well

stuffed and neatly lined with linen. Truly, the autumn hunting is easy in the matter of costume; a pair of polo breeches, brown boots, an easy coat, and a straw hat—personally, I prefer a bowler; you can jam it down on your head when the business really begins—are comfortable, and quite full dress enough. On our opening day there was not very long to wait. The notes of the tufters are clear and decided, and they are travelling quickly, unchecked by voice or rate, through the coverts in the low ground. Therefore we conclude that a warrantable deer is afoot. There is no great delay in bringing the pack up. What a crowd of horsemen—I have seen fewer on a Pytchley Wednesday! We thunder along till the Master checks the torrent on Great Rowbarrow. A stag has gone, with four atop and all his rights, they say—the horns, of course, still in velvet; but by this time they must be hard, and in another week or so the velvet will be stripped off. Hounds hunted well once they had settled. If there was not a burning scent, there was a serving one (and the pace was quite fast enough for the horses and men), and hounds worked up to their stag. No matter how much you know of hunting elsewhere, it is no easy matter to keep with the hounds on Exmoor. On this occasion, including a long check, it took three hours and more ere the stag was taken; but the whole chase was confined within comparatively narrow limits. Thus, all who were fairly well mounted were able to see something. When the hunted stag, fresh found, jumped up out of some bracken, and the pack burst into a wild chorus and chased him over to the Horner Woods, some at least saw one of the most picturesque aspects of stag-hunting. In the deep green covert the stag managed to baffle the huntsman and his hounds for a time. But the end came at last, and he was taken near Horner mill-wheel, an almost ideal spot for the last scenes of the chase. It was not a great chase; it is too early for that yet, but it was an interesting hunt for the experts, and one full of exciting scenes and incidents for the spectators. At the end the Minehead and Portlock divisions had not far to go. Later we shall have the stretching gallops which are the glory of stag-hunting, when we shall need all our horsemanship to last to the end. I agree with a lady with whom I rode over the moors last week, that a big striding horse, if handy, is the pleasantest mount. Yet I think the beginner will be wise to choose small, handy animal. In order that we may enjoy the sport thoroughly I think it is wise to ride quietly about the forest on off-days or before hunting begins. For my part, though not a stranger to stag-hunting, I like to refresh my memory as to landmarks, the whereabouts of soft places, and the best spots to cross the combs, or, better still, to avoid crossing at all. Besides, what can be more delightful than to roam over the moor and forest of Exmoor at this season, when the purple bloom of the heather is in glorious contrast to the deep summer greys and greens of wood, and the streams fill the air with the soft rush of brown waters over the grey rocks? I can see one now from the window, and hear it in the night, and am beginning to wonder how one can even sleep unsoothed by the sound of many waters.

X.

ON THE GREEN.

SO far we have not had much news of the pilgrim University golfers in America. More may have come to hand before these observations pass the press. Thus far the team has held its own, and perhaps just a little more, but the reports do not wax enthusiastic about the quality of the golf shown. On the other hand, they express a generous appreciation of the style of the Britons, and confess that it compares well with the American methods. That, for the future of golf in America, is the best report possible. It implies, almost certainly, that our men play with greater freedom, and also that the Americans can give it their admiration. The next stage to admiring it will be that they will imitate it, and when that begins, they will not be long in arriving at the highest state of imperfection to which it seems possible to bring the game. In the meantime, they have so far "arrived" on their own methods, that the Massachusetts County team beat the visitors in the singles match by six matches to five. Of course, all such advantage as local knowledge gives is on the American side, and must count for something.

The *Field* of last week had, for its leading golf article, a panegyric on the links at Deal. I think all right-minded golfers—that is to say, of course, the great majority—who know Deal as a golfing place will be glad to read this, for Deal has never had full justice done to its golfing merits in the estimation of "the general." Sandwich has been too near, too popular, and too powerful. Sandwich is very good, its merits are not to be denied, but there are far too many blind shots, in my humble judgment. The authorities who have in hand the projected alterations in the Sandwich course have a great opportunity to do away with some of these, to give one more chance of seeing the ball pitch and bound and run and get the invariably wrong kick. And Deal has the advantage that you generally can see your ball doing all this. It is not so mountainous as Sandwich. The lies and the greens are good. It is the common criticism of it that its bunkers are hidden. The answer of the committee to these critics seems to be a silent contempt, for if notice were taken of such observations, it might easily take the practical form of a stone (in the form of a tombstone would be suitably emblematic) set up at the corners to mark the bunkers—or posts. No doubt, however, a good way of learning where hidden bunkers are is to get into them. Most of the St. Andrews bunkers are hidden, yet some people are still old-fashioned enough to think St. Andrews a good links. At Deal there are comfortable habitations, a fine sea-front, and good sea-fishing when, or if, you tire of golf; and for the golfer who is off his game there is that about sea-fishing, especially if the waves be rough, that often restores tone to the system and clearness to the eye. But this is a matter to be spoken of with delicacy.

Mr. Mills of Sunderland is the inventor of the aluminium putter and spoons. He is also the inventor of a very good shooting seat of aluminium alloy that has a telescopic stick, so that you can lower it or heighten it as you please. Just lately he has added a new device to this in the shape of a flat plate to screw on to its end—that is a good enough description of it. The plate is specially designed for hard ground into which the spike will not pierce, but a merit of this plate from the golfing point of view is that the ground is hard it can be used without offence on the putting green. It

is also good on a croquet lawn in hard weather. When the opponent is studying his putt or making a four-ball break a seat is often desirable, but spiking the ground does not make either the golfer or the croquet player popular. It is not to be said, perhaps, that the flat plate, with a fat player's weight indenting it into the ground for a length of time, does much good, but at least it is less evil than the spike, and on a really hard surface practically harmless.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

IT is seldom that the fluctuations in the price of wheat have been watched more carefully than they are at the present moment. This is no doubt due to the condition of the atmosphere, as no one can tell what October will bring forth. Now there are two points that should be continually kept in view; one is that wheat changes in value almost automatically with the season, and a rise in price just before harvest is a natural and expected movement. Therefore the comparison should always be made with the corresponding month of the preceding year. The official returns give the imperial average price of British wheat at 29s. 3d. per quarter of 480lb. This is 4d. more than it was in the previous week. If we compare it, however, with the corresponding week of 1902, we find that it shows a fall of 2s. 4d. The returns for barley and oats show a corresponding rise as compared with the previous week, and a fall as compared with the price of last year. In regard to the future it is generally expected that the price will continue to go down, as the crop, both in America and Canada, is considerably above the average, and it falls below the average only in those countries where the quantity produced is so small as not to have an appreciable effect on the price. In other words, the British farmer is likely to have a short crop and no compensation in increased value.

VARIATION IN THE MILK OF A DAIRY HERD.

Messrs. T. S. Dymond and B. W. Bull have just published an interesting pamphlet showing the extent to which the milk of dairy cows varies during the winter months. It records the result of an experiment carried out in 1902-3. Mr. David Hodge of Widford Hall, near Chelmsford, placed his dairy herd at the disposal of the committee during three and a-half months last winter. The experiment was commenced on November 18th, when four shorthorn cows between three and five years old were taken. Two had calved about eight months and two six weeks previously. One of the former was dried off on February 5th, and a newly-calved cow was put on in her place. Four milkers were employed, taking regular turns with each cow. The average amount of milk obtained by each milker is contained in the following table:

		Mrs. K.	Fred.	Joe.	Jack.
Cow No. 1.	Morning	17'05	—	16'45	—
	Evening	—	14'24	—	13'82
" 2.	Morning	—	18'46	—	15'17
	Evening	12'62	—	11'26	—
" 3.	Morning	10'97	—	11'05	—
	Evening	—	9'04	—	8'93
" 4.	Morning	—	10'55	—	10'54
	Evening	8'36	—	8'30	—
Average		12'25	13'07	11'76	12'12

One inference to be drawn is that the milkers vary greatly in their efficiency, their success depending on the temper of the cow; thus cow No. 4 yielded the same milk to any of the milkers, while No. 2 was much more sensitive. However, the figures show also that if the milk is retained at one milking, there is all the more at the next milking. Some of the conclusions arrived at were as follows: Throughout this experiment the considerable variations in fat and solids have not been to any great extent due to alterations in food or alterations in weather, or to any external condition under which the cows were kept and which the dairy farmer could control. The important point is to recognise that these changes in quality are constantly taking place, but since they are not usually dependent on external conditions, but on the idiosyncratic variations of each cow, almost complete uniformity can be obtained by mixing the milk of a sufficient number of cows. In this experiment the mixing of the milk of four cows has been sufficient, but it would undoubtedly be desirable to mix the milk of a much larger number. How this can be carried out is a subject which must be left to practical men to discuss.

AGRICULTURAL WAGES.

Mr. Wilson Fox has done well to publish as a pamphlet the paper he read before the Royal Statistical Society on agricultural wages in England during the last fifty years. He has gone into some very interesting calculations, and has given almost more than his usual care to the work of collecting information. The

broad results found by him are as follows: The worst time for agricultural labourers was in the early fifties. The average works out like this: For the eight years ending in 1850, 9s. 1½d., 9s. 1½d., 9s. 4d., 9s. 5d., 10s. 0½d., 9s. 3d., 8s. 10½d., 8s. 7½d. In 1853 and 1854, the years of the Crimean War, wages rose sharply, and the upward movement continued until 1871, with interruptions that occurred simultaneously with the falls in the price of corn. Just after the Franco-Prussian War there was another rise, which Joseph Arch and his fellow-agitators kept up till 1879, that fell year in the history of agriculture. During the depression which followed it, wages continued to get lower, until a slight upward movement began again in 1889. Mr. Wilson Fox gives a curious note taken from a report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the burdens affecting real property in 1846, which says that when wheat was 5s. per bushel and under 6s., 8s. a week were paid for wages. When it was 6s. per bushel and under 7s., wages were paid at 9s. a week. When it was 7s. per bushel and under 8s., wages were paid at 10s. a week. At the present moment, the cash earnings of an average farm labourer amount to a little over £40 a year, or, roughly speaking, 16s. a week. Now the social question is this: Is 16s. a week, combined with the disadvantages of living in the

The sport at Kempton was as good as could be expected at this time of year, when the majority of race-goers devote themselves to other pursuits in the interval between Goodwood and Doncaster. The only two year old race of any interest was won by Mr. Musker's Melodious, a daughter of Jaquemart, who won the Hunt Cup at Ascot in 1897, and, as he is a horse with a big, symmetrical frame, he should prove a success at the stud. The City of London Breeders' Foal Plate brought out Baroness La Fleche, who has been in retirement since she ran, when palpably in an unfit condition, in the One Thousand Guineas. The daughter of La Fleche failed to fulfil the brilliant promise of her short two year old career, and could only finish third, the winner turning up in the American-bred Surbiton, with the Sussex Stakes winner, Stephanas, dividing the pair. Noblesse, who had won the High-Weight Handicap at Brighton the previous week, carried her 10lb. penalty to victory in the August Handicap, proving herself practically the equal of Game Hen, as the latter finished a neck away when conceding 2lb. Noblesse looks like repeating the performance in the Nottingham Handicap on Saturday. A chapter might be written on "The Return to Form of Race-horses," and Mr. Bottomley's Le Blizon, who won the Princess's Plate on Saturday, carrying 8st. 13lb., would occupy a prominent place in it. Last year, after running prominently in first-class company, he commenced to deteriorate, and his performances in the early part of the present season seemed to indicate that his day was past, though resuscitation at Goodwood is a recent memory. I have received the explanation on excellent authority. Beaten in his trials by selling platers at home, the trainer had the happy



N. Flower.

CROSSING THE FORD.

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country in the way of dulness, lack of society and entertainment, paucity of opportunities to get on in the world, sufficient to keep labourers from migrating to the town? We think not, and unless some means can be devised of getting these men to become first tenants, and finally owners, of parts of the soil, it is quite hopeless to expect that the problem of the village and the town will be solved.

RACING NOTES.

RACING last week was somewhat dull, and the chronicler has not much of note to comment on. The death of Mr. Charles Greenwood, who occupied the foremost place among writers on Turf matters, has saddened all who take an interest in racing. Besides being, perhaps, more widely read and better known, as "Hotspur" of the *Daily Telegraph*, than any sporting journalist now living, he had a large circle of friends, and was recognised as the chief authority on racing of his time. My acquaintance with him was slight, but I take a mournful pleasure in paying my tribute of respect to the sound judgment, the keen power of observation, and the genial character which acquired for him the position he so worthily held as the best writer and counsellor on matters connected with the Turf of his day.

inspiration of trying a change of air and scene, and transferred him temporarily to the stables of a friend. The result exceeded expectations, as, after running well in the Stewards' Cup, the horse has shown that he is as good as ever he was in the three races he has since taken part in, of which he has won two. Mr. Bottomley, his owner, had two other wins the same day with his two year old Venta and Fantastic. They were both selling races of small value, but to a speculative owner who has the courage of his opinions and expresses them in wagers, such victories are often more lucrative than the annexation of more substantial prizes.

The August Meeting at Windsor is of small importance, but it is a pleasant picnic when the weather is propitious, as it unfortunately failed to be on Friday and Saturday. Nevertheless, it secured a fairly large attendance. Friday brought a series of disasters to backers, which commenced when Sir Blundell Maple's Cragthorne, on whom odds were laid, failed to make any show in the Club Two Year Old Plate, which was won by Mr. H. J. King's unnamed Lady Rosa gelding. The chief handicap was won by Claqueur, a cast-off of Mr. Singer's, who beat the more-fancied Childwickbury fairly easily. Both had been busily employed over the sticks in the winter. Captain Bewicke's Irish Gal, who had hustled up Bass Rock at Liverpool, did backers a turn by defeating the Bonnie Queen filly after a close struggle. The pair practically monopolised the betting as well as the race, nothing else being fancied, or finishing within six lengths of them.

On Saturday, Mr. Singer's Papola and Sir Blundell Maple's Aquascutum furnished further material for the chapter alluded to above, by fighting out

the issue in the August Handicap, with none of the other seven runners taking any part in the finish. The only explanation is, perhaps, the handicapper's leniency and Papola's liking for a course where she has won before, while the soft state of the ground was suited to animals who have been some years in training. Like Mr. Bottomley, Mr. Singer followed up his success by taking a selling handicap immediately afterwards with *Phylloxera*. The Rothschild Plate furnished a better race than is usually provided by this class of contest, Scullion, The Bishop, Sundorne, and Courlan being all of somewhat better class than the usual competitors for a £100 prize. The race proved to be the good thing it looked for Scullion, but The Bishop showed a decided improvement on his performances earlier in the season by making a race of it.

Redcar is out of my beat, but Lady Help, by winning the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes, showed that her defeat of General Cronje at Goodwood was hardly the "fluke" it was supposed to be at the time.

Much interest will be taken in the match to be run on Saturday at Hurst Park between Sundridge, 9st. 10lb., and Le Blizon, 7st. 12lb., for £500 a side, the weights they carried in the Stewards' Cup, when they finished close together, Le Blizon being third and Sundridge fourth. On the next occasion they met, in the De Warrenne Handicap at Lewes, Sundridge won, giving Le Blizon, who ran unplaced, 18lb. The distance is to be 5½ furlongs, which is more in Le Blizon's favour than the Stewards' Cup course, and he seems therefore to have the best of the terms. But Sundridge had the worst of luck at Goodwood, and weight will not tell in a match like it does in a field of horses, while the superior jockeyship of Morny Cannon is a large item in his favour, and I fully expect to see him win. The match is sure to attract a large attendance, and the programme includes other events which may furnish good races, including the August Two Year Old Plate of 500 sovs., which has good performers in Islesman, Heronry, and Chelys engaged, and the Lennox Plate of £2,000 for three year olds, which has, however, failed to secure the entry of anything better than Love Charm, Capet, Uncle Reggie, and Maladroit, a poor lot to furnish the pick of the competitors for so valuable a prize.

KAPPA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A" OR "AN."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of August 1st, "Puzzled Scholar" complains that some writers use "an" before an aspirated "h" as well as a mute "h," and he infers that if it is correct to write "an historical fact," it should be also correct to write "an hat," "an hunter," etc. This is not so. In words of three or more syllables commencing with an "h," the shifting of the accent from the first syllable considerably influences the pronunciation, making "h" in such words almost a mute. "Puzzled Scholar" will discover for himself that there is much more aspiration of "h" in "history" than in "historical," when the accent is shifted from the first to the second syllable; therefore "an historical fact" is not incorrect. Secondly as to "u." Correct writers observe the distinction between vowel "u" and consonantal "u." They will write "an umbrella," but not "an united family." The peculiar pronunciation of "o" in "one" certainly makes it consonantal or semi-consonantal. "Such an one" is, therefore, incorrect. Few writers of the early years of last century, not even Sir Walter Scott, can be regarded as purists in the matter of grammar or orthography. Writers commonly wrote "an" before "h" aspirate. I strongly suspect they attached less importance to aspirated "h" than we do nowadays, or, at all events, used more "h" more. Old-fashioned people still talk about "an 'umble man."—C. G. DUFFIELD.

BRACKEN IN GRASS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In making the links of the Shanklin and Sandown Golf Club, we have had to eradicate many acres of thick bracken. Your correspondent will find no difficulty in doing the same, without disturbing the soil, by keeping the fern topped continuously through two or three seasons. This treatment, we have found, absolutely kills out the bracken by bleeding the roots to death.—HERBERT PEACOCK, Hon. Secretary.

CARTING FAGGOTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph that may be of some interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. It was taken in a Surrey lane, and struck me as a picturesque scene, though there is little to say in description of it.—X.

GROUSE DISEASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am engaged in the investigation of various diseases as occurring among birds, and am now desirous of obtaining specimens of grouse disease for bacteriological examination. To this end I shall be much obliged if the proprietors of moors will kindly send me any specimens that may come in their way. To be of any use they must reach me in a perfectly fresh condition; and any particulars that may be available as to the course and symptoms of the disease, or as to the conditions that apparently cause it, will be of great importance.—W. GEORGE CRESWELL, M.D., F.Z.S., Eden Lodge, Kingston-on-Thames.

THE BARN OWL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A pair of white owls had got a nest in the part of the park where we were bringing up the young pheasants this year. During the cold, wet weather at the end of June it was found that the owls, hunting for mice among the coops, made it impossible to shut the young birds up, and several were killed by the cold. The keepers, therefore, took the young birds and put them in a box close to the hut in which they worked. The result was that the old owls did not come until after dark, and no further mischief was done. They continued to bring food to their young, and I enclose a list of rats, mice, etc., left at the box. This does not include all they brought, as the box was frequently open, and no doubt they then fed the young ones. I think nothing can prove more completely the absolute harmlessness and great utility of the white owls. They were in the middle of some thousands of young pheasants, and never touched one. The young birds have now flown with their parents, none the worse, I hope, for their temporary detention.—MEDWAY.

Date.	Rats.	Shrews.	Mice.	Birds.
June 25	1	5	2	—
„ 26	1	4	3	—
„ 27	1	6	1	—
„ 28	1	5	1	—
„ 29	2	3	—	—
„ 30	1	4	2	—
July 1	1	3	3	—
„ 2	1	5	2	—
„ 3	1	7	3	—
„ 4	2	11	2	1 sparrow
„ 5	1	2	1	—
„ 6	1	3	3	1 partridge
„ 7	1	4	3	—
„ 8	1	—	1	—
„ 9	3	6	3	—
„ 10	1	7	5	—
„ 11	4	7	3	—
„ 12	2	10	3	—
„ 13	1	7	5	1 lark
„ 14	—	—	—	—
„ 15	—	4	4	—
„ 16	3	5	—	—
„ 17	3	3	—	—
„ 18	3	—	—	—
„ 19	—	1	—	—
„ 20	—	3	—	—
„ 21	—	1	3	—
„ 22	—	—	—	—
„ 23	—	1	3	—
„ 24	—	1	3	—
„ 25	1	—	—	—
Total	37	118	59	3

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When I read Mr. Metcalfe's theory of sparrows and small birds not being taken by the barn owl, I confess I was surprised. It is rather a coincidence that on the night of Friday, July 31st, a few hours before seeing that week's COUNTRY LIFE, I had been talking for a long time to a man about barn owls, individually and generally, and one of the special points of our talk was as to the immense amount of sparrows that must have been taken by the pair under our joint observation, judging from the quantity of sparrow remains in the castings. This man related that as he was standing one night at the entrance-gate of some neighbouring private grounds, he observed one of the old owls fly in among the trees and shortly emerge with a small bird in the talons of one foot. "He stood," said my



informant, "on a branch for a minute and let off a screech; then he flew away, but it was not long before he was back and in among the trees again." Another astonishing statement of Mr. Metcalfe's is that he could never persuade a captive barn owl to feed on sparrows. Now Oom Paul, whose sudden decease three weeks ago still saddens me, would simply take as many sparrows as you liked to give him. "And, perhaps, died in consequence," someone may suggest; but that, I am sure, was not the cause of his "passing." I am not at all certain that owls swallow all their mice whole. Why should they? I expect that they dismember the larger ones (and an adult field-vole is a big thing in mice), even as they do rats. I cannot speak from observation, as during his seven months' captivity Oom Paul never allowed me to catch him at meals. But I know that dead rats, and dead squab pigeons of quite respectable size, disappeared "by sections," so I have no doubt that he treated his sparrows and larger mice in the same way. Mr. Metcalfe says that of all owls the barn owl is the safest to handle. Well, I have no experience of other varieties of owl, so can make no comparisons. I will say this for the barn owl, however, that he is very safe if you have on a pair of thick driving gloves. Otherwise, the wound he can (and will) give you is like Mercutio's, not extra deep or wide, "but 'tis enough, 'twill serve." Oom, during his first week with me, reduced a pair of gloves nearly to rags, the reason being that his feeding was then on the enforced plan; he being full grown, and suffering from a broken wing, was determined to starve himself to death, like a war prisoner of ancient times, till I (literally) "took him in hand." I "put on the gloves," however, more from fear of blood-poisoning than of wounds. The feet of the barn owl seem at sight inadequate



Robert Dalzell.

THE SCARCITY OF BUTTERFLIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. E. T. Carter, enquires if a scarcity of butterflies has been generally noted this season. I can certainly say that, so far as this neighbourhood is concerned, such scarcity is very noticeable, but even more so in the case of moths. I am in the habit of using a powerful light to attract the latter, and I may safely say that at this period of the year, in an ordinary season, I may look forward to seeing scores round my lamp between 10 p.m. and midnight on a favourable night. This year there is literally none, and very few to be seen on the wing at dusk, or at "sugar." I imagine that this state of things is accounted for by the torrential rains experienced during the last two months, by which thousands of larvæ have been no doubt destroyed.—BOSTON, Bourne End, Bucks.

AN EARLY BOOK-PLATE.

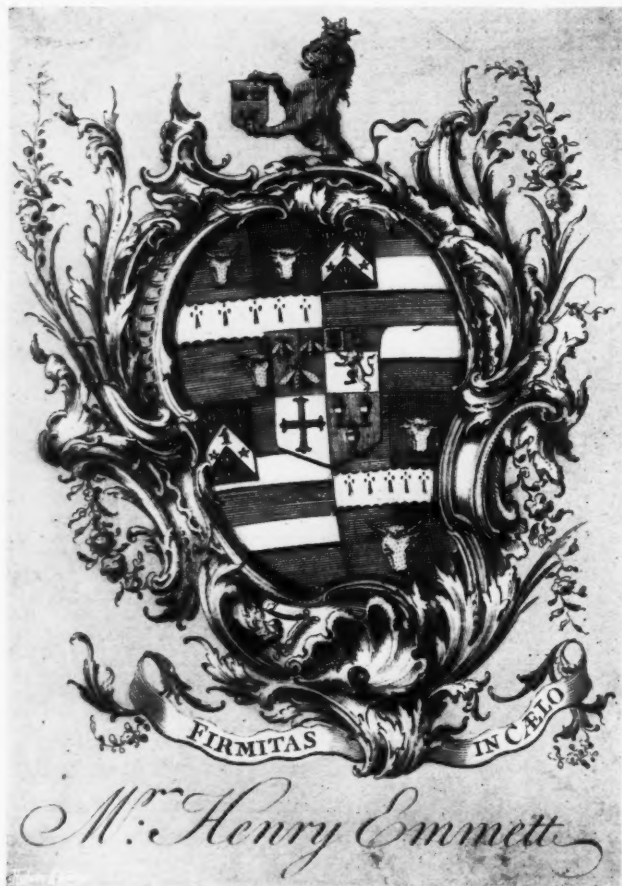
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in your account of book-plates in COUNTRY LIFE. I enclose the impression of the book-plate of, I imagine, my great-grandfather. I have much older book-plates, and they have the wreaths of flowers, and would be long before the time of Chippendale. My ancestors have all been Robert Dalzell, but I take the enclosed to be my great-grandfather's, though used by my grandfather and my father, who were also Robert. My great-grandfather was born in 1740. The Calleys of Burdop were connected with my mother's family. She was a Legh of Lyme Park, Cheshire.—C. M. L. DALZELL.

TWO MORE CHIPPENDALE BOOK-PLATES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Supplementary to the series of Chippendale book-plates which have already appeared in COUNTRY LIFE, I send you two others of a very striking and effective character. The owner of the Horton plate (Will Horton, Esq., Chaderton) was evidently a scion of the well-known Lancaster family of that name, who bore for arms "Gu a lion rampant or, charged on the breast with a boar's head couped az, a bordure engrailed of the second. Crest a red rose seeded and barbed proper surrounded with two laurel branches vert." The family motto (not shown on this plate) was "Pro rege et lege." The other plate—that of Mr. Henry Emmett—although not so elaborate in its decorations as the Horton plate, is yet a more correct form of Chippendale. The owner was, doubtless, of the Lancaster family, and probably a relative of the notorious Emmet—the rebel-patriot—who suffered in the Irish rebellion in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald took a leading part. The arms shown in the first and fourth quarters are the same as those of Emmet the patriot.—W. H. K. WRIGHT.



to deal with such prey as a rat, but when one feels on one's finger the steely grip that drives the talons home, one understands "how it is done."—INTONKASAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Re COUNTRY LIFE, August 1st, 1903, page 177.
If unwise (as we believe)
To wear one's heart upon one's sleeve,
Your wondrous pictures well may teach
The secret of the barn owl's screech—
Compelled—'tis plain—in any case,
To wear his heart upon his face!
His eerie hoot, his dread of light,
Attest him conscious of his plight;
And few will sympathy refuse
Who scan your page, thinks

EMILY HUGHES.

